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THE HEAVEN OF LOVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY W. W. MALOTT.

Within this little hour she has said
That her heart is wholly mine,
And love from his brimming urn has shed
O'er my heart his nectarous wine;
For she has stooped from her throning skies,
And her heart on one bestows—
She of the glorious dusky eyes,
And heart like the Syrian Rose.

With blushes and smiles and fluttering
heart,
And head drooped low on breast,
She has trembly owned to love's sweet
smart,
And my life forever blest;
The light then flashed from opaline skies,
And on her its splendor throws—
She of the glorious dusky eyes,
And heart like the Syrian Rose.

Be still, O heart! and be hushed by beat,
To hear the confession low,
For there will be time for rapture sweet
In all days that come and go;
The future in glowing colors rise,
As with me through life she goes—
She of the glorious dusky eyes,
And heart like the Syrian Rose.

O, my soul, be mute! for ne'er I ween,
Will ecstasy such be mine,
For I the glories of Heaven have seen,
And heard its music divine.
Though grim fate may lower, and clouds
will rise,
Like an unquenched star she glows—
She of the glorious dusky eyes,
And heart like the Syrian Rose.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN," "GEORGE
CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER IX. IN LAWYER DALE'S OFFICE.

Whibrough was a good-sized, bustling town, sending two members to Parliament. In the heart of it lived Mr. Dale, the lawyer, who did a little in money lending as well. He was a short, stout man, with a red pimply face and no whiskers, nearly bald on the top of his round head; and usually attired himself in the attractive costume of a brown tall coat and white neck-cloth.

On this same morning, which had witnessed the departure of Sir Nash Boun and his son from Dallory Hall, Mr. Dale—known commonly amid his townsfolk as lawyer Dale—was seated in his office at Whibrough. It was a small room, containing a kind of double desk, at which two people might face each other. The lawyer's place at it was against the wall, his face to the room; a clerk sometimes sat, or stood, on the other side when business was pressing. Adjoining this office was one for the clerks, three of whom were kept; and clients had to come through their room to reach the lawyer.

Mr. Dale was writing busily. The clock was on the stroke of twelve, and a great deal of the morning's work had to be done yet; when one of the clerks came in; a tall, thin, cadaverous youth with black hair, parted into a flat curl on his forehead.

"Are you at home, sir?"

"Who is it?" asked Mr. Dale, growling at the interruption.

"Mr. Richard North."

"Send him in."

Richard came in; a fine-looking man in his deep black clothes—the lawyer could not help thinking so. After shaking hands—a ceremony Mr. Dale liked to observe with all his clients, they being agreeable—he came from behind his desk to seat himself in his dwarf elbow-chair of red patent leather, and gave Richard a seat opposite. The room was small, the desk and other furniture large, and they sat nearly nose to nose. Richard held his hat on his knee.

"You guess, no doubt what has brought me here, Mr. Dale. Now that my ill-fated brother is put out of our sight in his last resting-place, I have leisure and inclination to look into the miserable event that sent him to it. I shall spare neither cost nor energy in discovering—if so may be—the traitor."

"You allude to the anonymous letter."

"Yes. And I have come here to ask you to give me all the information you can about it."

"But, my good sir, I have no information to give. I don't possess any."

"I ought to have said information of the attendant circumstances. Let me hear your history of the transaction from beginning to end; and if you can impart to me any hint of the possible writer—that is, if you have formed any private notion of him—I trust you will do so."

Mr. Dale could be a little tricky an occasion; he was sometimes engaged in transactions that would not have borne the light, and that most certainly he would never have



Our engraving represents the Eastern money-changer at his post. His face indicates great shrewdness. Like others of his class, he is sharp at a bargain, and not over-scrupulous.

talked of. On the contrary, he could be honest and truthful where there existed no reason for being the contrary; and this anonymous letter business came under the latter category.

"The transaction was as open and straightforward as could be," spoke the lawyer; and Richard, a judge of character and countenances, saw he was speaking the truth. "Mr. Edmund North came to me one day some short time ago, wanting me to let him have a hundred pounds on his own security. I did care to do that—I knew about his bill transactions, you see—and I proposed that somebody should join him. Eventually he came with Alexander, the surgeon, and the matter was arranged."

"Do you know for what purpose he wanted the money?"

"For your young brother, Sidney North. A fast young man, that, Mr. Richard," added the lawyer, in a significant tone.

"Yes. Unfortunately."

"Well, he had got into some secret trouble, and came praying to Mr. Edmund North that he should get him out of it. Whatever foolish ways Edmund North had wasted money in, there's this consolation remaining to his friends—that the transaction which eventually sent him to his grave was one of pure kindness," added the lawyer, warmly.

"My father has enough trouble," Dale said to me, "what with one thing and another, his life's about worried out of him; and I don't care that he should get to hear of what Master Sydney's been doing, if it can't be kept from him?" Yes; the motive was a good one.

"How was it he did not apply to me?" asked Richard.

"Well—had you not, just about that time, assisted your brother Edmund in some scrape of his own?"

Richard North nodded.

"Just so. He said he had not the face to apply to you so soon again; should be ashamed of himself. Well, to go on, Mr. Richard North. I gave him the money on the bill; and when it became due, neither he nor Alexander could meet it; so I agreed to renew. Only one day after that, the anonymous letter found its way to Dallory Hall."

"You are sure of that?"

"Certain. The bill was renewed on the 30th of April; here, in this very room; Mr. North got the letter on the 1st of May."

"It was so. By the evening post."

"Be that, if the transaction got wind through that renewing, the writer did not lose much time."

"Well now Mr. Dale, in what way could that transaction have got wind, and who heard of it?"

"I never spoke of it to a single soul," impetuously cried the lawyer, giving his knee a thump with his closed hand. And Richard North felt sure that he had not.

"The transaction from the beginning was known only to us three people; Edmund North, the surgeon, and myself; I don't believe either of them mentioned it at all. I know I did not. It's just possible Edmund North might have told his step-brother Sidney the way he 'got the money—the young scamp. I beg your pardon, Mr. Richard; I forgot he was your brother al-o."

"It would be to Sidney's interest to keep it quiet," casually remarked Richard. "Our men at the works have got a report running amidst them—I know not whence picked up, and I don't think they know—that the writer of the letter was your clerk, Wilks."

"Fiam!" contemptuously rejoined the lawyer. "I've heard of that. Why should Wilks trouble his head to write about it? Don't you believe anything so foolish?"

"I don't believe it," returned Richard

North. "The man could have no motive whatever for it, as far as I can see. But I think this—that he may have become cognizant of the affair, and talked of it abroad."

"Not one of my clerks know anything about it," protested Mr. Dale. "I've got three of 'em: Wilks and two others. You don't suppose, sir, I take them into my confidence in all things?"

"But, it is quite impossible that any one of them—say Wilks—could have got to know of it surreptitiously?" urged Richard.

"Wilks has nothing surreptitious about him," said the lawyer. "He is too shallow-pated. A thoroughly useful clerk here, but a man without guile."

"I did not mean to apply the word surreptitious to him personally. I'll change it if you like. Could Wilks, or either of the other two have accidentally learnt this without your knowledge? Was there a possibility of it? Come, Mr. Dale; I open with you. Even if it were so, no blame attaches to you."

"It is just this," answered Mr. Dale, accepting the solicitation to be open—"that I don't see how it was possible for any one of them to have learnt it; while at the same time, I see no other way in which it could have transpired. That's the candid truth."

"But—is it quite impossible they could have learnt it?" urged Richard North, repeating his word.

"It seems impossible to me; but it is just one of those things that one could not take a Bible oath to. I lay awake in the night for half an hour, turning the puzzle about in my mind. Alexander wrote the letter, because he said Alexander alone knew of it; which is a pretty sure proof he had not talked himself."

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thirteen, going out on an errand, had overtaken them on their way across the waste ground. (In the very path where Richard had but now encountered Wilks.) Wilks was holding on by the railings, the boy said, talking with the other as fast as he could talk, and the other was laughing. Richard North wished he could find out who this man was, and where he might be seen; for, of all the rest mentioned by the landlord, there was not one at all likely to have taken up the cause and written the anonymous letter. Packerton's opinion was, that Wilks had not spoken of the matter there; he was then hardly "far enough gone" to have committed the imprudence.

"But I suppose he was when he left you," said Richard.

"Yes, sir, I'm afraid he might have been. He could talk; but every bit of reason had gone out of him. I never saw anybody but Wilks just like this when they've taken too much."

Again Richard North sought Wilks, and questioned him who this stranger, man or gentleman, was. He might as well have questioned the moon. Wilks had a hazy impression of having been with a tall, thin, strange man; but where or when or how, he knew not.

"I'll ask Rane what sort of a condition Wilks was in when he saw him," thought Richard.

But Richard could not carry out his intentions until night. Business claimed him for the rest of the day, and then he went home to dinner.

Dr. Rane was in his dining-room that night, the white blind drawn before the window, and writing by the light of a shaded candle. Bessy North had said to her father that Oliver was busy with a medical work that he expected good returns from, when published. It was so. He spared no labor; over that, or anything else; often writing far into the little hours. He was a patient, persevering man: once give him a fair chance of success, a good start on life's road, and he would be sure to go on to fortune. He said this to himself continually; and he was not mistaken. But the good chance had not come yet.

The clock was striking eight, when the doctor heard a ring at his door bell, and Phillis appeared, showing in Richard North. A thrill passed through Oliver Rane: perhaps he could not have told why or wherefore.

Richard sat down, and began to talk about Wilks, asking what he had to ask, entering into the question generally. Dr. Rane listened in silence.

"I beg your pardon," he suddenly said, remembering his one shaded candle. "I ought to have got more light."

"It's quite light enough for me," replied Richard. "Don't trouble. I'd as soon talk by this light as by a better. To go back to Wilks: Did he say anything about the bill in your hearing, Rane?"

"Not a word; not a syllable. Or, if he did, I failed to catch it."

"Old Mother Green says he talked of 'bills,'" said Richard. "That was before you saw him."

"Does she?" carelessly remarked the doctor. "I heard nothing of the kind. There was no coherence whatever in his words, so far as I noticed: one does not pay much attention to the babblings of a drunken man."

"Was he quite beside himself?—quite unconscious of what he said, Rane?"

"Well, I am told that it is the peculiar idiosyncrasy of Wilks to be able to talk and yet to be unconscious: unconscious for all practical purposes, and for recollection afterwards. Otherwise I should not have considered him quite so far gone as that. He talked certainly; a little; seemed to answer me in a mechanical kind of way when I asked him a question, slipping one word into another. If I tried to understand him, I don't suppose I could. He did not say much; and I was about the house looking for water and rage to put on his head."

"Then you heard nothing of it, Rane."

"Absolutely nothing."

The doctor sat, so that the green shade of the candle happened to fall on his face, making it look very pale. Richard North, absorbed in thoughts about Wilks, could not have told whether the face was in the dark or the light. He spoke next about the stranger who had joined Wilks, saying he wished he could find out who it was.

"A tall thin man, bearing the appearance of a gentleman?" returned Dr. Rane. "Then I think I saw him, and spoke to him."

"Where?" asked Richard with animation. "Close by your works. He was looking in through the iron gates. After quitting Green's cottage, I crossed the waste ground, and saw him standing at the gates, underneath the centre gas lamp. I had to visit a patient down by the church, and took the near way over the waste ground."

"You did not recognize him?"

"Not at all. He was a stranger to me. As I was passing, he turned round and asked me whether he was going right for Whitborough. I pointed to the high road and told him to keep straight along it. Depend upon it, this was the same man."

"What could he have been looking in at our gates for?" muttered Richard. "And what—for this is of more consequence—had he been getting out of Wilks?"

"It seems rather curious altogether," remarked Dr. Rane.

"I'll find this man," said Richard, as he got up to say good night; "I must find him. Thank you, Rane."

But, after his departure Oliver Rane did not settle to his work as before. A man, once interrupted, *cannot* always do so. All he did was to pace the room restlessly with bowed head, like a man in some uneasy dream. The candle burnt lower, the flame got above the shade, throwing its light on his face, showing up its hues and lines and angles. But it was not a bit brighter than when the green shade had cast over it its overshadowing hue.

"Edmund North? Edmund North?"

Did the words in all their piteous hopeless appeal come from him? Or was it some supernatural cry in the air?

CHAPTER X.

PUT TO HIS CONSCIENCE.

A fine morning in June. Loosely June; with its bright blue skies and its summer flowers. Walking about amidst his rose-trees with their clustering blossoms, was Mr. North, a rake in his hand. He fancied he was gardening: he knew he was trifling. What did it matter?—his face looked almost happy. The glad sunshine was over-head, and he felt as free as a bird in it.

The anonymous letter, that had caused so much mischief, was passing into a thing of the past. In spite of Richard North's efforts to cover him out, the writer remained unscathed. Timothy Wilks was the chief

sufferer, and bitterly resentful thereupon. To have been openly accused of having sent it by at least six persons out of every dozen acquaintances he met, rankled the mind and exasperated the temper of ill-starred Timothy Wilks. As to the general public, they were beginning to forget the trouble—as it is in the nature of a faithless public to do. Only in the hearts of a few individuals did the sad facts remain in all their rugged sternness; and, of those, one was Jolly.

Poor Mr. North could afford to be happy to-day, and for many days to come. Bessy also. Madam had relieved them of her presence yesterday, and gone caring off to Paris with her daughter. They hoped she might be away for weeks. In the seductive freedom of the home, Richard North had stayed late that morning. Mr. North was just beginning to talk with him, when one called on business, and Richard shut himself up with the stranger. The morning had gone on; the interview was prolonged; but Richard was coming out now. Mr. North put down the raw.

"Has Wilson gone, Richard?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he want? He has stayed long enough!"

"Only a little business with me, father," was Richard's answer in his dutiful care. It had not been agreeable business, and Richard wished to spare his father.

"And now for Bessy, sir?" he resumed, as they paced side by side amidst the sweet-scented roses. "You were beginning to speak about her."

"Yes, I want to talk to you. Bessy would be happier with Rane than she is here, Dick."

Richard looked serious. He had no sort of objection to his sister's marrying Oliver Rane: in fact, he regarded it as an event certain to take place sooner or later; but he did not quite see that the way was clear for it.

"I make no doubt of that, father."

"And I think, Dick, she had better go to him now; while we are at liberty to go as we please at home."

"Now!" exclaimed Richard.

"Yes; now. That is, before Madam comes back. Poor Edmund is but just put under the sod; but—considering the circumstances—I think the memory of the dead must give place to the welfare of the living."

"But, how about ways and means, sir?"

"Ay, that's it; how about ways and means. Nothing can be spared from the works at present, I suppose, Dick."

"Nothing to speak of, sir."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

women, and the selling of Quaker children into slavery. It was "godless" sea-captains who refused to transport these children to Barbadoes, there to be sold as slaves, in accordance with the decree of the allied Church and State.

Not because we would bring shame upon New England, but because Truth is Truth, and for the great value of the lesson it teaches, should these undoubted facts be known. That lesson is, that men may believe with the utmost sincerity that they are "the godly," and that they are doing God service, and yet be utterly mistaken, and be really doing the works of the devil. Earnest and sincere religious feeling is so apt to run into spiritual pride, and from that into narrowness and uncharitableness, that these lessons, of which history is full, require to be often held up before the eyes of men.

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

It is disgraceful that in a large city like Philadelphia, we should hear every summer recommendations from the authorities to be careful in the use of water, lest the supply should become exhausted.

If Philadelphia were situated ten miles from any large stream, such a deficient water supply would argue a want of good sense and due regard for health and comfort in its inhabitants—but here we are, between two rivers, one of them a mile wide and proportionately deep, and yet we have not a full supply of water.

The supply should be such that, in the summer months especially, constant streams from the hydrants could be kept flowing through every street, large and small. The authorities should advise everybody to let their hydrants run frequently, to water the streets, to bathe, to let the streams of the cooling, cleansing, health-preserving fluid, which the Creator has given in such abundance, flow in all directions—washing away impurity and disease, and cooling the heated air.

In this nineteenth century of Christendom, we might at least equal heathen Rome or Mormon Salt Lake, in this respect.

Last year we had a drought which lessened somewhat the volume of the Schuylkill. But there was fifty times as much water in the channel as was needed, even then—while the Delaware was not greatly diminished. The authorities had had a whole year to provide against another drought—but are they prepared?

We want water—not by dribs and measure out to us in some official teacup—but water in an overflowing stream, to waste, to wet the streets with, to bathe in, to let run from the hydrants with discretion, and, in our hot summers, without discretion. And we shall not waste money, by providing water in such plenty—for sickness and disease are far more expensive things, to say nothing of their pain and death.

THE CITY NOMINATIONS.

The City Democracy have made their nominations—and they are, on the whole, about equal to those made by the Republicans. We doubt that a fair ticket could be made up out of both sets.

Can we not now have a set of independent nominations, composed about equally of good men of both parties, for all the offices with the exception of Congressmen? Let the Union League appoint a Committee, which, in conjunction with as many prominent Democrats, shall nominate an Independent Ticket, made up in part of the regular nominations, and where these fail, of new men. Is not such an experiment worth trying? We cannot be worse off than we are, even should such a ticket not succeed at the polls; and we should at least have the consolation of voting for good men.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LADY OF THE ICE. A Novel. By JAMES DE MILLE, author of "The Dodge Club Abroad," "Cord and Crease," etc. With Illustrations by C. G. Bush. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

PROTECTION TO NATIVE INDUSTRY. By Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart., author of "Ten Chapters on Social Reform." Published by Edward Stanford, 6 and 7 Charing Cross, London; and also for sale by Henry Carey Baird, Industrial Publisher, 400 Walnut street, Philada. Price \$1.50, sent by mail free of postage to any part of the United States.

AMERICAN WOMANHOOD; its Peculiarities and Necessities. By JAMES C. JACKSON, M. D., Physician-in-Chief of "Our Home on the Hill-side," and author of "How to Treat the Sick without Medicines," etc. Published by Austin, Jackson & Co., Danville, Livingston Co., New York; and also for sale by Oakley, Mason & Co., 21 Murray street, New York City.

THE PRESENT AND LONG-CONTINUED STAGNATION OF TRADE: Its causes, effects, and cure. Being a sequel to "An Inquiry into the commercial position of Great Britain," &c. By a Manchester Man. Revised and Enlarged Edition. Published by John Heywood, Manchester; and also by Henry Carey Baird, Industrial Publisher, 400 Walnut street, Philada. Price 10 cents; sent by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States.

GOOD HEALTH. The July number has been received from the publisher, A. Moore, Boston.

THE OLD GUARD. Dr. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, Editor. This magazine for July contains "Under Suspicion," "Accepting the Situation," "Why They Shave in India," &c. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New York.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. For July. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Persons who intend travelling will find the best and most reliable information in these guide-books, which are published semi-monthly.

PUNCHINELLO. Published by the Punchinello Publishing Co., 33 Nassau street, New York. Contains a fair amount of funny things.

Homeward from the Pacific Coast.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, June 27th, 1870.

Once more I sit writing in my beloved sanctum of old. The threads of home life have been taken up so readily and easily that I am inclined sometimes to wonder if it be not a dream that they have been parted at all. Yet the dream is and must remain a most vivid one, forming an era in my life. As I glance back over the varied events of the past year, I can conjure up at will a series of the most wonderfully fascinating panoramic views; and those shall be retained in my mind's eye as lasting mementoes of the reality of my sojourn in the golden land.

Just at present my homeward journey rises uppermost, clamoring for especial consideration. If when outward bound I was roused to enthusiasm, through all that I saw and experienced, for the great overland route that binds together our great continent from Atlantic to Pacific shores, that enthusiasm was certainly increased tenfold by the return trip. Perhaps there was loss of that thrilling, breathless excitement that overwhelmed me whilst passing day after day through such a succession of hitherto unrealized, uncomprehended marvels, but there was undoubtedly infinitely more of quiet, intense enjoyment and appreciation. Before I was impressed chiefly by the mighty whole, now I was more inclined and prepared to study the parts—and there is very much to see and ponder upon.

I took the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad at Colfax, one hundred and ninety-two miles northeast of San Francisco—the nearest railway station to Grass Valley, Friday, May 27th, at 5 P. M., and travelling day and night, reached Cincinnati, where I had made arrangements to stop a week with relatives before returning to Philadelphia—the following Thursday at 9 A. M. As I entered the carriage which was to bear me to my destination, I found myself far less weary than I had been the morning of the second day. My friends told me this was because I was no longer fatigued with fatigue that had ceased to feel, but I was myself inclined to believe that the fact arose through my being so thoroughly buoyed up with excitement as well as invigorated by the constant change of air. Besides the luxurious comforts of the "Pulman" and "Silver Palace" cars rather bid defiance to the fatigues of travel.

Everywhere along the route I found excellent accommodations for meals, for preferring the change of getting off the train at the stations, I had not taken passage upon the "Pullman Hotel Express." One fail to find, it is true, those meals which would tickle the palate of an epicurean" of which the guide books tell, but good, substantial fare can be found alike in tent-houses upon the desert and rude frame building on the Sierras and Rocky Mountains, averaging at all events far above the meals offered at the way stations along our older Eastern roads. Then, too, plenty of time was allowed us to eat in peace and take exercise around and about the platform before the "all aboard" recalled us to our places. Many a pleasant promenade I thus had with my fellow passengers during the journey.

The first point of interest after taking the cars at Colfax is the celebrated Cape Horn. It is about this place that dear "Betsey Ann" of the Boston party, in her letters to "Aunt Jerusha," published in the Grass Valley Union, grows so hopelessly confused. She says: "Then we came to Cape Horn, famous before the days of steam navigation for the multitude of shipwrecks and stranded vessels. I couldn't understand exactly how this was; but 'pa' said ships sailed up the American river before the discovery of gold, and many were lost by snow-slides, and their crews were often terribly frost-bitten by grizzly bears." Poor Betsey Ann, poor Boston party, with its fifty millions so far from the Hub, I don't wonder their brains grew muddled!

But to return to facts. At Cape Horn the train passes around an abrupt curve on the very brink of a precipice overlooking a gulch 2,500 feet below, through which flows a branch of the North Fork of the American river. The bridge spanning the stream looks like a dark speck from our giddy height; the dashing, foaming river itself like the veriest thread of a stream, and yet it is upwards of a hundred feet in width. Previously I had driven down a decidedly precipitous road leading from Colfax to the river level, and there gazed upward to the bluff, bold cliff, filled with wonder and awe.

How every human mind could have conceived the possibility of opening a path here and at other startling points of the Sierras almost exceeds comprehension. The name of the large-minded engineer who first planned the great work, Theodore D. Judah, should never be forgotten by those who profit by the result of the undertaking. It seems indeed that this energetic, persevering man did not live to witness the completion of the road his genius originated, and whose practical possibility he so earnestly, amidst such numerous obstacles, advocated.

As we passed in review the mining claims about Gold Run and Dandy Flat, obtaining also an extensive view along the Great Blue Lead in the direction of You Bet, Red Dog, and the other mining towns of similarly attractive cognomina, I became quite absorbed in responding to the questions of two of the ladies of the party I had joined regarding hydraulic and tunnel mining on these gravel claims. In narrating to them all that I have already imparted to my "Post" friends, and much more, I found protection from the growing sadness caused by the parting from dear friends with whom for a year I had lived in the closest union. The misery of this wandering up and down the earth is that those of us who have hearts will form attachments that cause sad partings even when we are going forth to rejoin dear ones at home.

Next the Great American canon burst upon us, where for two miles we skirt the very brink of the precipitous mountain wall, between which and the opposite wall foams the river two thousand feet below us. Then we speed through the majestic Blue Canon, and those who have never made the trip before, wonder over the giant pines that scale the heights and the constant repetition of startling gorges and fantastic curves;

whilst one and all are entranced by the surrounding splendor and the ethereal blue spread over immense distances and now heightened by fast deepening twilight.

Before we reached Cisco it was dark night, and I had no cause to grumble as I had done going West at snow-shed or tunnel, for as it was not moonlight, without them I should have seen nothing. For 48 miles there is a continuous succession of snow-sheds and tunnels so closely connected, that by night especially it is impossible to tell where we leave a tunnel and enter the snow-shed, and vice versa. The longest tunnel upon the route, that at the summit, is 1,700 feet in length, the others range from 100 to 700 feet. During the night as we were gliding smoothly along through this covered passage I could hear the rushing of a mighty mass overhead, and knew that vast snow-sheds were sweeping down the mountain sides and being precipitated over the sloping roofs into the chasms below. I lay safely ensconced in my sleeping berth, and listening to the singular noise, and smiling to myself at the spoken queries around me as to whether the mysterious sound proceeded from rain, hail or what, I soon fell asleep.

Morning found us near the "sink" of the Humboldt, well underway in the alkali region. We had lost during the dark hours such glimpses as are vouchsafed to us by the light of the Donner Lake and all the lonely Truckee meadows and valley. Then we passed all day through the country where flows that mysterious Humboldt river, of which I remember making especial mention in one of my "Going West" letters, reaching the "Wells" amongst which it has its origin toward half past nine in the evening. Eastern sage brush, grease-wood and bunch-grass surrounded us, growing rankly in this gleaming alkali soil, but it was curious to mark the effects of cultivation and irrigation even here in the vegetable gardens and the grain and fruit patches that have sprung up about many of the stations.

The most interesting feature of this day's journey was the passage through the Humboldt canon or Palisades. Many striking points of the yet snow-capped Humboldts had before greeted us, but here as we steamed along the narrow defile between the bleak, barren walls ranging from five hundred to one thousand five hundred feet in height, that seemed constantly threatening to close upon us, and the swift flowing, seething river—close by our track, we found a gloomy grandeur that was matchless. At many of the stations where we stopped this day, we were met with Indians, chiefly the Pintos, attacking us with piteous cries for "two bits." They are a squall, miserable looking set, more repulsive, if possible, than the California "Diggers," and very helpless and hampered in appearance.

During that second night we steamed on through the Great American Desert, and before morning dawned had passed the Promontory Point and all the glorious view of the Great Salt Lake afforded from that vicinity. But the vast inland sea burst upon us with its calm splendor near Corrine. The early morning tints were shed upon the surrounding mountains, and the entire scene was one of indescribable beauty. Then at Ogden, just eight hundred and eighty-two miles from San Francisco, and one thousand and thirty-two from Omaha, came the terminus of the Central Pacific. We made here our first change of cars, and so here endeth the first chapter.

AUBER FORESTIER.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1,000 head. The price realized from \$20 to \$30 per head. Sheep—\$20 head were disposed of at from \$15 to \$20 per head. Hogs sold at from \$10 to \$15 per head.

SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOGRAPH, with 400 changes in spelling the name, sent prepaid by mail on receipt of 80 cents. Address C. T. WAX, 819 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

"We have had a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in nearly constant use in our family for ten years. During all that time it has been in perfect working order and has done a large amount of work. With the exception of twelve cents for a thread-spring cap to replace one lost, it has never cost anything for repairs."—D. Langworthy, Mystic Bridge, Ct.

MODERN GREEK FIRE is a solution of phosphorus in bisulphide of carbon. When this solution is poured on paper, rags, or shaving, the bisulphide evaporates rapidly and leaves the phosphorus in a state of very fine division, so fine that it takes fire spontaneously. Greek fire furnishes the means of performing a very pretty lecture-room experiment, but as an incendiary agent it is worthless, for the simple reason that it does not set fire to even the shiniest and driest boards. The phosphorus in burning produces a fusible and non-volatile compound, and this glows over all objects in its vicinity, and protects them from the action of the flames.

Mrs. Dickens survives her husband, she has lived apart from him, comfortably maintained from his means, for several years. She leaves two daughters, one married to Charles Collins, brother of Wilkie Collins, the novelist, and several sons, the oldest married and already dabbling in literature; one in Australia, one in the navy, and one winning high honors in the University. Of his many friends Mr. John Forster, the biographer of Goldsmith, was the most intimate. Unlike many literary men, he was a man of method. He kept his own accounts with a precision that denoted the nicest mathematical accuracy, and a more industrious man never lived. Refusing titles and high honors, he amassed large wealth, and died as he was born—Charles Dickens.

WHEN Hawthorne was in England he once dined with Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton), who told him that he owned the land in Yorkshire whence some of the pilgrims of the Mayflower emigrated to Plymouth, and that Elder Brewster was postmaster of the village. He also said that in the next voyage of the Mayflower, after she carried the pilgrims, she was employed in transporting a cargo of slaves from Africa to the West Indies.

AN ENGLISH paper says the latest wrinkle of fashion in New York is the wearing of diamonds set in the teeth.

BOSTON is to apply the electrical mode of lamp-lighting to about one hundred street lamps as an experiment.

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GLITTERING TEETH.

Not only does someone impart the whiteness of the purest porcelain to the teeth, but its polish, too, may be had by having them filed with it, so that the surface of each tooth, now the effect of this precious dentifrice is to render the enamel as hard and indestructible as adamant.

SAVE AND MEND THE PIECES, USE "SPALDING'S GLUE."

EARLY MORNING.

Thousands of both sexes in this country, awake every morning languid, unrefreshed, and devoid of all inclination for breakfast. No matter from what cause these indescribable feelings may proceed, their best and quickest remedy will be found in a dose of PLANTATION BITTERS. The medicinal effect is immediate. The stomach at once responds to the genial influence of the preparation, and a reserve of latent vitality, which only required the awaking agency of this potent invigorant to render it active, is brought into play. Of all appetizers it is the most infallible, and the impulse which it imparts to the digestive functions soon puts dyspepsia to flight.

RACE WITH A LOCOMOTIVE.—The train started and left an Irish laborer behind, who was going a distance to work. The engine went slowly puffing along, but increased in puffs as well as speed, while Michael started to overtake it. A brother Irishman who was on the platform, watching the race, sung out in great glee, to encourage Michael, "Put in—stick to 'r—she's breathing quicker and quicker all the time."

By a curious coincidence, five names on one page (four consecutively) in the Norwich city directory for 1870 read: Black Thomas, Snow George, Sly John, Small Nancy, and Smart Mary.

IN the last ten years, the New York Express declares the Indian wars have cost the country one hundred and eighty million dollars. The Utah Indian war of 1862 cost forty million dollars. In New Mexico the Navajo campaign cost thirty million dollars; the Seminole war fifty thousand dollars, and the wars on the Pacific, since white settlements were established in California and Oregon, not less than three hundred million dollars.

CINCINNATI, June 29.—Six children were badly poisoned in this city yesterday by eating the seed-balls of the jimson weeds. One of them will probably die.

THOMAS SCOTT, a member of the first Congress, in a speech made in 1790, speaking of the Africans, said: "Congress will at pleasure declare them contraband goods, and so prohibit them altogether." This is ahead of Gulliver's time. See Hildreth's History, vol. 4, page 195.

AT a jumping match in Binghamton, one of the competitors jumped twelve feet and ten and a quarter inches, which is said to be the biggest jump on record.

NATHANIEL LYON, who fell at Wilson's creek, at the head of his little army, in the first year of the war for the Union, was buried at Eastford, Connecticut, his native place, without a stone to mark his grave. We are gratified to say, however, that efforts are now being made to erect a monument to his memory.

DR. CABARRAS, whose death has attracted some attention, was a very witty man, and several of his *bon mots* are now floating about the Paris press. On one occasion he was called to attend a very pretty actress, and after duly feeling her pulse and looking at her tongue he pronounced that marriage was the only cure. "You are single, are you not, my dear doctor?" she asked. "Yes, madam, but doctors only prescribe remedies, they do not take them," was the rejoinder.

AT Quincy, Illinois, one day last week, a small boy swam four miles for \$5.

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thirteen, going out on an errand, had overtaken them on their way across the waste ground. (In the very path where Richard had but now encountered Wilks.) Wilks was holding on by the railing, the boy said, talking with the other so fast as he could talk, and the other was laughing. Richard North wished he could find out who this man was, and where he might be seen; for, of all the rest mentioned by the landlady, there was not one at all likely to have taken up the cause and written the anonymous letter. Packerton's opinion was, that Wilks had not spoken of the matter there; he was then hardly "far enough gone" to have committed the imprudence.

"But I suppose he was when he left you," said Richard.

"Yes, sir, I'm afraid he might have been. He could talk; but every bit of reason had gone out of him. I never saw anybody but Wilks just like this when they've taken too much."

Again Richard North sought Wilks, and questioned him who this stranger, man or gentleman, was. He might as well have questioned the moon. Wilks had a hazy impression of having been with a tall, thin, strange man; but where or when or how, he knew not.

"I'll ask Rane what sort of a condition Wilks was in when he saw him," thought Richard.

But Richard could not carry out his intentions until night. Business claimed him for the rest of the day, and then he went home to dinner.

Dr. Rane was in his dining-room that night, the white blind drawn before the window, and writing by the light of a shaded candle. Bessy North had said to her father that Oliver was busy with a medical work that he expected good returns from, when published. It was so. He spared no labor; over that, or anything else; often writing far into the little hours. He was a patient, persevering man: once give him a fair chance of success, a good start on life's road, and he would be sure to go on to fortune. He said this to himself continually; and he was not mistaken. But the good chance had not come yet.

The clock was striking eight, when the doctor heard a ring at his door bell, and Phillips appeared, showing in Richard North. A thrill passed through Oliver Rane: perhaps he could not have told why or wherefore.

Richard sat down, and began to talk about Wilks, asking what he had to ask, entering into the question generally. Dr. Rane listened in silence.

"I beg your pardon," he suddenly said, remembering his one shaded candle. "I ought to have got more light."

"It's quite light enough for me," replied Richard. "Don't trouble. I'd as soon talk by this light as by a better. To go back to Wilks: Did he say anything about the bill in your hearing, Rane?"

"Not a word; not a syllable. Or, if he did, I failed to catch it."

"Old Mother Green says he talked of 'bills,'" said Richard. "That was before you saw him."

"Does she?" carelessly remarked the doctor. "I heard nothing of the kind. There was no coherence whatever in his words, so far as I noticed: one does not pay much attention to the babblings of a drunken man."

"Was he quite beside himself?—quite unconscious of what he said, Rane?"

"Well, I am told that it is the peculiar idiosyncrasy of Wilks to be able to talk and yet be unconscious; unconscious for all practical purposes, and for recollection afterwards. Otherwise I should not have considered him quite so far gone as that. He talked certainly; a little; seemed to answer me in a mechanical kind of way when I asked him a question, slipping one word into another. If I tried to understand him, I don't suppose I could. He did not say much; and I was about the house looking for water and rage to put on his head."

"Then you heard nothing of it, Rane."

"Absolutely nothing." The doctor sat, so that the green shade of the candle happened to fall on his face, making it look very pale. Richard North, absorbed in thoughts about Wilks, could not have told whether the face was in the dark or the light. He spoke next about the stranger who had joined Wilks, saying he wished he could find out who it was.

"A tall thin man, bearing the appearance of a gentleman?" returned Dr. Rane. "Then I think I saw him, and spoke to him."

"Where?" asked Richard with animation.

"Close by your works. He was looking in through the iron gates. After quitting Green's cottage, I crossed the waste ground, and saw him standing at the gates, underneath the centre gas lamp. I had to visit a patient down by the church, and took the near way over the waste ground."

"You did not recognize him?"

"Not at all. He was a stranger to me. As I was passing, he turned round and asked me whether he was going right for Whittemore. I pointed to the high road and told him to keep straight along it. Depend upon it, this was the same man."

"What could he have been looking in at our gates for?" muttered Richard. "And what—for this is of more consequence—had he been getting out of Wilks?"

"It seems rather curious altogether," remarked Dr. Rane.

"I'll find this man," said Richard, as he got up to say good night; "I must find him. Thank you, Rane."

But, after his departure Oliver Rane did not settle to his work as before. A man, once interrupted, cannot always do so. All he did was to pace the room restlessly with bowed head, like a man in some uneasy dream. The candle burnt lower, the flame got above the shade, throwing its light on his face, showing up his hues and lines and angles. But it was not a bit brighter than when the green shade had cast over it its shadowous hue.

"Edmund North? Edmund North?"

Did the words in his all their piteous hopeless appeal come from him? Or was it some supernatural cry in the air?

CHAPTER X.

PUT TO HIS CONSCIENCE.

A fine morning in June. Lovely Jane; with its bright blue skies and its summer flowers. Walking about amidst his rose-trees with their clustering blossoms, was Mr. North, a rake in his hand. He fancied he was gardening: he knew he was trifling. What did it matter?—his face looked almost happy. The glad sunshine was over-head, and he felt as free as a bird in it.

The anonymous letter, that had caused so much mischief, was passing into a thing of the past. In spite of Richard North's efforts to trace him out, the writer remained undiscovered. Timothy Wilks was the chief

sufferer, and bitterly resentful therewith. To have been openly accused of having sent to at least six persons out of every dozen acquaintances he met, rankled the mind and curdled the temper of ill-starred Timothy Wilks. As to the general public, they were beginning to forget the trouble—as it is in the nature of a faithless public to do. Only in the hearts of a few individuals did the facts remain in all their rugged sternness; and, of these, one was Jolly.

For Mr. North could afford to be happy to-day, and for many days to come. Bessy also. Madam had relieved them of her presence yesterday, and gone careering off to Paris with her daughter. They hoped she might be away for weeks. In the seductive freedom of the home, Richard North had stayed late that morning. Mr. North was just beginning to talk with him, when some one called on business, and Richard shut himself up with the stranger. The morning had gone on; the interview was prolonged; but Richard was coming out now. Mr. North put down the rake.

"Hass Wilson gone, Richard?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he want? He has stayed long enough!"

"Only a little business with me, father," was Richard's answer in his dutiful care. It had not been agreeable business, and Richard wished to spare his father.

"And now for Bessy, sir?" he resumed, as they paced side by side amidst the sweet-scented roses. "You were beginning to speak about her."

"Yes, I want to talk to you. Bessy would be happier with Rane than she is here, Dick."

Richard looked serious. He had no sort of objection to his sister's marrying Oliver Rane: in fact, he regarded it as an event certain to take place sooner or later; but he did not quite see that the way was clear for it yet.

"I make no doubt of that, father."

"And I think, Dick, she had better go to him now; while we are at liberty to do as we please at home."

"Now!" exclaimed Richard.

"Yes; now. That is, before Madam comes back. Poor Edmund is but just put under the sod; but—considering the circumstances—I think the memory of the dead must give place to the welfare of the living."

"But, how about ways and means, sir?"

"Ay, that's it; how about ways and means. Nothing can be spared from the works at present, I suppose, Dick."

"Nothing to speak of, sir."

Mr. North had felt ashamed even to ask the question. In fact, it was more a remark than a question, for he knew as well as Richard did that there was no superfluous money.

"Of course not, Dick. Rane gets just enough to live upon now, and no more. Yesterday, after Madam and Matilda had driven off, I was at the front gates when Rane passed. So he and I got talking about it—about Bessy. And he said his income was small now, but that of course it would very considerably augment itself as soon as Alexander should have left. As he and Bessy are willing to try it, I don't see why they should not, Dick."

Richard gave no immediate reply. He had a rose in his hand and was looking at it absently, deep in thought. His father continued.

"It's not as if Rane had no expectations whatever. Two hundred a year must come to him at his mother's death. And—Dick—have you any notion how Mrs. Gass' will is left?"

"Not the least, sir."

"Oliver Rane is the nearest living relative to her late husband, Mrs. Cumberland excepted. He is Thomas Gass's own nephew—and all the money was his. It seems to me, Dick, that Mrs. Gass is sure to remember him; perhaps largely."

"She may."

"Yes; and I think will. Bessy shall go to him; and be emancipated from her thrall here."

Oliver Rane has got no furniture in his house."

"He has got some. The dining-room and his bed-room are as handsomely furnished as need be. We can put in a bit more. There's some things at the Hall that were Bessy's own mother's, and she shall have them. They have not been taken much account of here, Dick, amid the grand things that Madam has filled the house with."

"I beg your pardon," he said—he was not familiar with her as his father was—"will you allow me a word. You do not like this proposed marriage. Have you ought to urge against it?"

"Only for Bessy's sake. I was thinking of her."

"Why for Bessy's sake?"

There was some slight hesitation in Mrs. Cumberland's answer. She appeared to be pulling her veil straight.

"Their income will be so small. I know what a small income is, and therefore I feel for her."

"Is that all your doubt, Mrs. Cumberland?—the smallness of the income?"

"All."

"Then I think, as my father says, you may safely leave the decision with themselves. But—was this all?" added Richard: for an idea to the contrary had taken hold of him. "You have no personal objection to Bessy?"

"Certainly it was all," was Mrs. Cumberland's reply. "As to any personal objection to Bessy, that I could never have. When Oliver first told me they were engaged, I thought how lucky he was to get Bessy North; I wished them success with all my heart."

Richard smiled.

"I remember once when I was a very little fellow, my mother came in and caught me drawing a horse on the centre-table with pen-and-ink. The trouble she had to get the horse out!—and the whipping I got!"

"Poor Dick! She did not whip often."

"It did me good, sir. I have been scrupulously careful of furniture of all kinds ever since."

"Ah, nothing like the lessons of early childhood for making an impression," spoke Mr. North. "Spare the rod and spoil the child!" There was never a truer saying than that."

"Then you really intend them to marry at once," spoke Richard, returning to the question.

"I do," said Mr. North, in a more decisive tone; "and we usually spoke. They both wish it; and why should I hold out against them? Bessy's thirty this year, you know, Dick: if girls are not wives at that age, they begin to think it hard. It's better to marry tolerably young; a man and woman don't shake down into each other's ways if they come together later in life. You are silent, I see."

"I was thinking, sir, whether I could not manage a couple of hundred pounds for them from myself."

"You are ever generous, Dick. I don't know what we should all do without you."

"The question is—shall I give it over to them in money, or spend it for them in furniture?"

"In money, Dick," advised Mr. North. "The furniture can be managed, and cash is cash. Spend it in chairs and tables, and it seems as if there were nothing tangible to show for it."

Richard smiled.

"It strikes me that the argument lies the other way, sir. The chairs and tables are tangible; whereas cash sometimes melts. However, I think it will be better to do as you advise. Bessy shall have two hundred pounds handed to her after her marriage, and they can do what they consider best with it."

"To be sure; to be sure, Dick. Let 'em be married: we'll put no impediment in their way. Bessy has a miserable life if it here; and she'll be thirty on the twenty-ninth of this month. Oliver Rane was thirty the last of March."

"Only thirty!" cried Richard. "I think he must be more than that, sir."

"But he's not more," returned Mr. North. "I ought to know; and so ought you, Dick. Don't you remember they are both in the Tontine? All the children put into that tontine were born in the same year."

"Oh, was it so; I had forgotten," returned Richard, carefully, for the tontine had never much troubled him. He could just recollect that when they were children he and his brother were wont to tease little Bessy, saying if she lived to be a hundred years old she'd come into a fortune."

"That was an unlucky tontine, Dick," said Mr. North, shaking his head. "Of ten children who were entered for it, only three remain. The seven are all dead. Four of them died in the first or second year."

"How came Oliver Rane to be put in the tontine?" asked Richard. "I thought he came to life in India—and lived there for the first few years of his life. The tontine children were all Whittemore children."

"Thomas Gass did that, Richard. When he got news that his sister had had a baby—Oliver—he insisted upon putting him in the tontine. It was a sort of salve to his conscience; that's what I thought: what his sister and the poor baby wanted then was money—not to be put into a useless tontine. Ah, well, Rane has got on without anybody's assistance, and I daresay will flourish in the end."

Richard glanced at his watch; twelve o'clock; and increased his pace: a hundred and one things were wanting at the works. Mr. North was walking with him to the gate.

"Yes, it's all for the best, Dick; they shall come together. And we'll get the wedding comfortably over while Madam's away."

"What has been her motive, sir, for opposing Bessy's engagement to Rane?"

"Motive!" returned Mr. North. "Do you see that white butterfly, Dick, fluttering senselessly about, now up, now down?—as good ask me what her motive is, as ask me Madam's. I don't suppose she has any motive—except that she is given to oppose it."

Richard supposed it was so. Something might lie also in Bessy's patient excellence and her housekeeper: Madam, ever selfish, did not perhaps like to lose her.

As they reached the iron gates, Mrs. Cumberland passed, walking slowly. She looked very ill. Mr. North arrested her, and began to speak of the projected marriage of Oliver and Bessy. Mrs. Cumberland changed color and looked three parts scared. Unobservant Mr. North saw nothing. Richard did.

"Has Oliver not told you what's afoot?" said the former. "Young men are often shy on these matters than women."

"Oliver, is it true what I hear—that you are shortly to be married?"

"I suppose it is, mother," was his answer.

"But—is there no impediment that should bar it?" she asked in a whisper.

"Well—as to waiting, I may wait to the end, and not find the skies rain gold. If Bessy's friends see no risk in it, it is not for me to see it. At any rate this will be a more peaceful home for her than the Hall."

"I am not talking of waiting,—or of gold, or of risk. Oliver," she continued solemnly, placing both her hands on his arm, "is there nothing on your mind that ought to bar this marriage; is your conscience at rest? If—wait and let me speak, my son: I understand what you would say; what you have already told me—that you were innocent—and I know that I ought to believe you. But a doubt flashes up in my mind continually, Oliver; it is not my fault; truth knows my will is good to bury it, forever. Bear with me a moment; I must speak. If the death of Edmund North lies at your door, however indirectly it was caused, to make his sister your wife will be a thing altogether wrong; little less than a sin in the sight of heaven. I do not accuse you, Oliver; I suggest this as a possible case; and now I leave it with you for your own reflection. Oh, my son, believe me—for it seems to me as though I spoke with a prophet's inspiration this day! if your conscience tells you that you were not innocent, bring Bessy North home to this roof will rest upon you."

"She was gone. Before Oliver Rane in his surprise could answer a word, Mrs. Cumberland was gone. Passing swiftly out at the open window, she stepped across the garden and the dwarf fence, and so entered her own home. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"As it seems to me. Going over the various attendant circumstances, as I do on occasion when I get a minute to myself, I try to fit one probability into another, and I cannot compass it. We must trust to time, Mrs. Cumberland. Good morning."

Richard raised his hat, and left her. She sat on with her pain. With her pain, Mrs. Cumberland was as strictly rigid a woman in her ways as in temperament; her code of morality was a severe one. Over and over again had she asked herself whether it is of no use to mind the master any longer. Oliver had or had not written that anonymous letter which had killed Edmund North; and she could not answer. But, if he done it

women, and the selling of Quaker children into slavery. It was "godless" sea-captains who refused to transport these children to Barbados, there to be sold as slaves, in accordance with the decree of the allied Church and State.

Not because we would bring shame upon New England, but because Truth is Truth, and for the great value of the lesson it teaches, should these undoubted facts be known. That lesson is, that men may believe with the utmost sincerity that they are "the godly," and that they are doing God service, and yet be utterly mistaken, and be really doing the works of the devil. Earnest and sincere religious feeling is as apt to run into spiritual pride, and from that into narrowness and uncharitableness, that these lessons, of which history is full, require to be often held up before the eyes of men.

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

It is disgraceful that in a large city like Philadelphia, we should hear every summer recommendations from the authorities to be careful in the use of water, lest the supply should become exhausted.

If Philadelphia were situated ten miles from any large stream, such a deficient water supply would argue a want of good sense and due regard for health and comfort in its inhabitants—but here we are, between two rivers, one of them a mile wide and proportionately deep, and yet we have not a full supply of water.

The supply should be such that, in the summer months especially, constant streams from the hydrants could be kept flowing through every street, large and small. The authorities should advise everybody to let their hydrants run frequently, to water the streets, to bathe, to let the streams of the cooling, cleansing, health-preserving fluid, which the Creator has given in such abundance, flow in all directions—washing away impurity and disease, and cooling the heated air.

In this nineteenth century of Christendom, we might at least equal heathen Rome or Mormon Salt Lake, in this respect.

Last year we had a drought which lessened somewhat the volume of the Schuylkill. But there was fifty times as much water in the channel as was needed, even then—while the Delaware was not greatly diminished. The authorities had had a whole year to provide against another drought—but are they prepared?

We want water—not by dribs and drabs, measured out to us in some official teacup—but water in an overflowing stream, to waste, to wet the streets with, to bathe in, to let run from the hydrants with discretion, and, in our hot summers, without discretion. And we shall not waste money, by providing water in such plenty—for sickness and disease are far more expensive things, to say nothing of their pain and death.

THE CITY NOMINATIONS.

The City Democracy have made their nominations—and they are, on the whole, about equal to those made by the Republicans. We doubt that a fair ticket could be made up out of both sets.

Can we not now have a set of independent nominations, composed about equally of good men of both parties, for all the offices with the exception of Congressmen? Let the Union League appoint a Committee, which, in conjunction with as many prominent Democrats, shall nominate an Independent Ticket, made up in part of the regular nominations, and where these fail, of new men. Is not such an experiment worth trying? We cannot be worse off than we are, even should such a ticket not succeed at the polls; and we should at least have the consolation of voting for good men.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LADY OF THE ICE. A Novel. By JAMES DE MILLE, author of "The Dodge Club Abroad," "Cord and Crease," etc. With Illustrations by C. G. Bush. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

VIVIAN GREY. A Novel. By the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, author of "Lothair," "Venetia," "Henrietta Temple," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

PROTECTION TO NATIVE INDUSTRY. By Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart., author of "Ten Chapters on Social Reform." Published by Edward Stanford, 6 and 7 Charing Cross, London; and also for sale by Henry Carey Baird, Industrial Publisher, 406 Walnut street, Philada. Price \$1.50, sent by mail free of postage to any part of the United States.

AMERICAN WOMANHOOD: Its Peculiarities and Necessities. By JAMES C. JACKSON, M. D., Physician-in-Chief of "Our Home on the Hill-side," and author of "How to Treat the Sick without Medicines," etc. Published by Austin, Jackson & Co., Danville, Livingston Co., New York; and also for sale by Oakley, Mason & Co., 21 Murray street, New York City.

THE PRESENT AND LONG-CONTINUED STAGNATION OF TRADE: Its causes, effects, and cure. Being a sequel to "An Inquiry into the commercial position of Great Britain," etc. By a Manchester Man. Revised and Enlarged Edition. Published by John Heywood, Manchester; and also by Henry Carey Baird, Industrial Publisher, 406 Walnut street, Philada. Price 10 cents; sent by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States.

GOOD HEALTH. The July number has been received from the publisher, A. Moore, Boston.

THE OLD GUARD. Dr. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, Editor. This magazine for July contains "Under Suspicion," "Accepting the Situation," "Why They Shave in India," etc. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New York.

APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. For July. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Persons who intend travelling will find the best and most reliable information in these guide-books, which are published semi-monthly.

PUNCHINELLO. Published by the Puschnello Publishing Co., 33 Nassau street, New York. Contains a fair amount of funny things.

Homeward from the Pacific Coast.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, June 27th, 1870.

Once more I sit writing in my beloved scenes of old. The threads of home life have been taken up so readily and easily that I am inclined sometimes to wonder if it be not a dream that they have been parted at all. Yet the dream is and must remain a most vivid one, forming an era in my life. As I glance back over the varied events of the past year, I can conjure up at will a series of the most wonderfully fascinating panoramic views; and these shall be retained in my mind's eye as lasting mementoes of the reality of my sojourn in the golden land.

Just as present my homeward journey rises uppermost, clamoring for especial consideration. If when outward bound I was roused to enthusiasm, through all that I saw and experienced, for the great overland route that binds together our great continent from Atlantic to Pacific shores, that enthusiasm was certainly increased tenfold by the return trip. Perhaps there was loss of that thrilling, breathless excitement that overwhelmed me whilst passing day after day through such a succession of hitherto unrealized, uncomprehended marvels, but there was undoubtedly infinitely more of quiet, intense enjoyment and appreciation. Before I was impressed chiefly by the mighty whole, now I was more inclined and prepared to study the parts—and there is very much to see and ponder upon.

I took the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad at Colfax, one hundred and ninety-two miles northeast of San Francisco—the nearest railway station to Grass Valley, Friday, May 27th, at 5 P. M., and travelling day and night, reached Cincinnati, where I had made arrangements to stop a week with relatives before returning to Philadelphia—the following Thursday at 9 A. M. As I entered the carriage which was to bear me to my destination, I found myself far less weary than I had been the morning of the second day. My friends told me this was because I was so benumbed with fatigue that I had ceased to feel, but I was myself inclined to believe that the fact arose through my being so thoroughly buoyed up with excitement as well as invigorated by the constant change of air. Besides the luxurious comforts of the "Palman" and "Silver Palace" cars, rather bid defiance to the fatigue of travel.

Everywhere along the route I found excellent accommodations for meals, for, preferring the change of getting off the train at the stations, I had not taken passage upon the "Pullman Hotel Express." One fails to find, it is true, those meals which "would tickle the palate of an epicurean" of which the guide books tell, but good, substantial fare can be found alike in tent-houses upon the desert and rude frame building on the Sierras and Rocky Mountains, averaging at all events far above the meals offered at the way stations along our older Eastern roads. Then, too, plenty of time was allowed us to eat in peace and take exercise around and about the platform before the "all aboard" recalled us to our places. Many a pleasant morsel I thus had with my fellow passengers during the journey.

The first point of interest after taking the cars at Colfax in the celebrated Cape Horn. It is about this place that dear "Betsey Ann" of the Boston party, in her letters to "Aunt Jemima," published in the Grass Valley Union, grows so hopelessly confused. She says: "Then we came to Cape Horn, famous before the days of steam navigation for the multitude of shipwrecks and stranded vessels. I couldn't understand exactly how this was; but 'pa' said ships sailed up the American rivers before the discovery of gold, and many were lost by snow-slides, and their crews were often terribly frost-bitten by grizzly bears." Poor Betsey Ann, poor Boston party, with its fifty millions so far from the Hub, I don't wonder their brains grew muddled!

But to return to facts. At Cape Horn the train passes around an abrupt curve on the very brink of a precipice overlooking a gulch 2,500 feet below, through which flows a branch of the North Fork of the American river. The bridge spanning the stream looks like a dark speck from our giddy height; the dashing, foaming river itself like the veriest thread of a stream, and yet it is upwards of a hundred feet in width. Previously I had driven down a decidedly precipitous road leading from Colfax to the river level, and then gazed upward at the bluff, bold cliff, filled with wonder and awe.

How ever human mind could have conceived the possibility of opening a path here and at other startling points of the Sierras almost exceeds comprehension. The name of the large-minded engineer who first planned the great work, Theodore D. Judah, should never be forgotten by those who profit by the result of the undertaking. It seems indeed that this energetic, persevering man did not live to witness the final completion of the road his genius originated, and whose practical possibility he so earnestly, amidst such numerous obstacles, advocated to the lady whom both loved.

RACE WITH A LOCOMOTIVE.—The train started and left an Irish laborer behind, who was going a distance to work. The engine went slowly puffing along, but increased in puffs as well as speed, while Michael started to overtake it. A brother Irishman who was on the platform, watching the race, sung out in great glee, to encourage Michael, "Put in—stick to 'r—she's breathing quicker and quicker all the time."

By a curious coincidence, five names on one page (four consecutively) in the Norwich city directory for 1870 read: Black Thomas, S. W. George, S. J. John, Small Nathaniel, and Smart Mary.

In the last ten years, the New York Express declares the Indian wars have cost the country one hundred and eighty million dollars. The Utah Indian war of 1862 cost forty million dollars. In New Mexico the Navajo campaign cost thirty million dollars; the Seminole war fifty thousand dollars, and the wars on the Pacific, since white settlements were established in California and Oregon, not less than three hundred million dollars.

CINCINNATI, June 29.—Six children were badly poisoned in this city yesterday by eating the seed-balls of the jimson woods. One of them will probably die.

Thomas Scott, a member of the first Congress, in a speech made in 1790, speaking of the Africans, said: "Congress may at pleasure declare them contraband goods, and so prohibit them altogether." This is ahead of Gen. Butler's time. See *Hildreth's History*, vol. 4, page 195.

At a jumping match in Binghamton, one of the competitors jumped twelve feet and ten and a quarter inches, which is said to be the biggest jump on record.

Nathaniel Lyon, who fell at Wilson's creek, at the head of his little army, in the first year of the war for the Union, lies buried at Eastford, Connecticut, his native place, without a stone to mark his grave. We are gratified to say, however, that efforts are now being made to erect a monument to his memory.

Dr. Cabarrus, whose death has attracted some attention, was a very witty man, and several of his *bon mots* are now floating about the Paris press. On one occasion he was called to attend a very pretty actress, and after duly feeling her pulse and looking at her tongue he pronounced that marriage was the only cure. "You are single, are you not, my dear doctor?" she asked. "Yes, madam, but doctors only prescribe remedies, they do not take them," was the rejoinder.

At Quincy, Illinois, one day last week, a small boy swam four miles for \$5.

whilst one and all are entranced by the surrounding splendor and the ethereal bias spread over immense distances and now heightened by fast deepening twilight.

Before we reached Cisco it was dark night, and I had no cause to grumble as I had done going West at snow-shed or tunnel, for as it was not moonlight, without them I should have seen nothing. For 48 miles there is a continuous succession of snow-sheds and tunnels so closely connected, that by night especially it is impossible to tell where we leave a tunnel and enter the snow-shed, and vice versa. The longest tunnel upon the route, that at the summit, is 1,700 feet long, the others range from 100 to 700 feet. During the night as we were gliding smoothly along through this covered passage I could hear the rushing of a mighty mass overhead, and knew that vast avalanches were sweeping down the mountain sides and being precipitated over the sloping roofs into the chasms below. I lay safely ensconced in my sleeping-berth, and listening to the singular noise, and smiling to myself at the spoken queries around me as to whether the mysterious sound proceeded from rain, hail or what, I soon fell asleep.

Morning found us near the "sink" of the Humboldt, well underway in the alkali regions. We had lost during the dark hours such glimpses as are vouchsafed to us by daylight of the Donner Lake and all the lonely Truckee meadows and valley. Then we passed all day through the country where flows that mysterious Humboldt river, of which I remember making especial mention in one of my "Going West" letters, reaching the "Wells" amongst which it has its origin toward half past nine in the evening. Entire sage brush, grease-wood and bunch-grass surrounded us, growing rankly in this gleaming alkali soil, but it was curious to mark the effects of cultivation and irrigation even here in the vegetable gardens and the grain and fruit patches that have sprung up about many of the stations.

The most interesting feature of this day's journey was the passage through the Humboldt canon or Palisades. Many striking points of the yet snow-capped Humboldt had before greeted us, but here as we steamed along the narrow defile between the bleak, barren walls rising from five hundred to one thousand five hundred feet in height, that seemed constantly threatening to close upon us, and the swift flowing, rushing river—counter to whose current we were dashing—close by our track, we found a gloomy grandeur that was matchless. At many of the stations where we stopped this day, we were beset with Indians, chiefly the Piutes, attacking us with piteous cries for "two bits." They are a squall, miserable looking set, more repulsive, if possible, than the California "Diggers," and very helpless and harmless in appearance.

During that second night we steamed on through the Great American Desert, and before morning dawned had passed the Promontory Point and all the glorious view of the Great Salt Lake afforded from that vicinity. But the vast inland sea burst upon us with its calm splendor near Corrine. The early morning tints were shed upon the surrounding mountains, and the entire scene was one of indescribable beauty. Then at Ogden, just eight hundred and eighty-two miles from San Francisco, and one thousand and thirty-two from Omaha, came the terminus of the Central Pacific. We made here our first change of cars, and so here ended the first chapter.

AUBER FORESTIER.

In the recent debate on the Education Bill, in the English House of Commons, Mr. Pakington proposed the reading of the Bible to form part of the daily exercises. Messrs. Foster and Hardy opposed the amendment, which was lost, by a vote of 81 to 250.

In Queen Victoria's crown there are 1363 brilliant diamonds, 1728 rose diamonds, and 147 table diamonds, 1 large ruby, 17 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 small rubies, and 277 pearls—a total of 2186 precious stones.

A jealous St. Louis youth the other day threw stones at his successful rival as he was entering the church to be married to the lady whom both loved.

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Modern Greek fire is a solution of phosphorus in bisulphide of carbon. When this solution is poured on paper, rags, or shaving, the phosphorus evaporates rapidly and leaves the phosphorus in a state of very fine division, so fine that it takes fire spontaneously. Greek fire furnishes the means of performing a very pretty lecture-room experiment, but as an incendiary agent it is worthless, for the simple reason that it does not set fire to even the thinnest and driest boards. The phosphorus in burning produces a fusible and non-volatile compound, and this glazes over all objects in its vicinity, and protects them from the action of the flame.

Mrs. Dickens survives her husband. She has lived apart from him, comfortably maintained from his means, for several years. She leaves two daughters, one married to Charles Collins, brother of Wilkins Collins, the novelist, and several sons, the oldest married and already dabbling in literature, one in Australia, one in the navy, and one winning high honors in the University. Of his many friends Mr. John Forster, the biographer of Goldsmith, was the most intimate. **Edgar** Mrs. Dickens survives her husband. She has lived apart from him, comfortably maintained from his means, for several years. She leaves two daughters, one married to Charles Collins, brother of Wilkins Collins, the novelist, and several sons, the oldest married and already dabbling in literature, one in Australia, one in the navy, and one winning high honors in the University. Of his many friends Mr. John Forster, the biographer of Goldsmith, was the most intimate. **Edgar** Mrs. Dickens survives her husband. She has lived apart from him, comfortably maintained from his means, for several years. She leaves two daughters, one married to Charles Collins, brother of Wilkins Collins, the novelist, and several sons, the oldest married and already dabbling in literature, one in Australia, one in the navy, and one winning high honors in the University. Of his many friends Mr. John Forster, the biographer of Goldsmith, was the most intimate.

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Edgar

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Leenie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novel.

By MRS. MARGARET HORNER, Author of "The Mystery of the Woods," &c.

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See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

ADOWN THE RIVER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MISS LOU. BROWNSON.

Adown the long river I float
So close to the flowered shore,
That beautiful blossoms drop into my boat,
And golden sunbeams from their fountain re-
move.

Sift down through the boughs that bend
o'er.

The lilies that rock in the tide
Bubble an aroma divine—

The crystalline waters that glimmer and
glide,
Remember the chill of the lone mountain-
side,
Where jasmine and ivy entwine.

The trees shake their leaves in the wind,
The shadows are dancing below—
My vine-covered home in the distance be-
hind
Is slipping away like a dream from the mind,
As down the lone river I go.

Afar in the vagueness ahead
The river flows into the sky—
A glimmer of gold on an emerald bed,
A violet curtain with fringes of red,
The haven to which I would hie.

But oh! how my goatherd god
Keeps floating away and away—
Afar, still afar do the bright billows roll
Against the blue sky, as if each had the soul
Of a lily to spirit away.

I know that I never shall moor
My bark in that haven remote,
I at still I will sail by this beautiful shore,
And dream of the Efen that's flitting before,
As down the long river I float.

How the Wind Blows in Barbados.

The 10th of October, 1780, was a day famous in the history of Barbados, on account of a terrible hurricane which devastated the island for three days, involving the loss of life and property to a fearful extent, and which was yearly commemorated by special religious services almost up to the 11th of August, 1831, when another similar scourge, far more disastrous in its consequences, though provisionally shorter in its duration, swept over the Atlantic Ocean, carrying death and destruction in its wake.

The season had been usually favorable to vegetation; and on the evening of Wednesday the 10th of August, the sun set on a fair and verdant landscape as it is possible to conceive of; but on the morning of the 11th it rose on a scorched and blasted wilderness, such as no pen can adequately portray. Far as the eye could range, neither a house nor a tree could be seen, save as their ruins marked the course of the storm. Corn-fields and cane-patches which the evening before were rich in all the beauty of tropical luxuriance, were brown and withered as though burned by fire.

I was a young man then, not twenty years of age, and was on a visit to a planter, who, with two elderly maiden sisters, resided on his estate about ten miles from Bridgetown, the capital of the island. The house, two stories high, with a frontage of about eighty feet, was built of the limestone peculiar to the country, the walls being three to four feet in thickness. The basement consisted of a dining-room, about forty feet long, with veranda in front, facing the north; and at the eastern extremity was a billiard-room; and at the western side were the drawing-room and entrance-hall, from which rose the staircase, leading to a corridor the whole length of the house, with the bedrooms on either side; and at the back were a harness-room and coach-house, over the former of which was a spare bedroom with paper of a bluish pattern, from which circumstance it was called the Blue room; above this, again, was a store-room, in which all the choice liquors—old rum, brandy, wines, bottled ale, &c.—were deposited. I give this description of the pre-

miss, because it is necessary for understanding subsequent portions of this narrative; and I should add that, while this Blue Room communicated with the other portion of the house inside, there was also a stone flight of steps outside, leading to the passage through which you had to pass in order to get to the store-room.

We retired to our rooms about ten o'clock. Snow, an English dog belonging to my friend, something between a foxhound and a terrier, followed me into my room—a thing she had never done before. Having tucked my mosquito-curtain securely round my bed, I lay down—but not to sleep. It soon began to rain heavily, and thundered and lightened. About midnight, I was startled by Snow springing bang through the mosquito-net on to the bed. I kicked her off; but in about ten minutes after she made another bound through a different part of the curtain; and at the same time I became conscious of a most strange noise mingling with the increasing roar of the rain on the wooden shingles of the roof, and the howling of the wind, and the booming of the thunder. (I may as well state here that this gong-like sound was occasioned by some sheet-copper, loosened from a portion of the roof, flapping against the side of the house.) Hurling the dog to the other end of the room, I sprang out of bed in alarm, and thought of arousing my host, to ascertain what this terrible din could mean, for I began to suspect that a hurricane was brewing. Accordingly, I dressed myself; but concluding that the other inmates of the house must be aware of all that was occurring, and fearing lest I should be laughed at next day for having been unnecessarily frightened, I again lay down, though with my clothes on, ready against any emergency. Till about three o'clock, I thus remained in terror, reproaching myself for having so ruthlessly repelled the poor animal, whose instinct had prompted her to give me warning of approaching danger, when my host came to the door and advised me to get up, as the window-shutters of the dining-room were nearly all blown in, and the principal door was also burst open.

I lost no time in going down, and found the whole household at work with hammers and nails, trying to secure the shutters and door; but all in vain. The dining-table and chairs, and the heavy billiard-table, were all huddled up together in one corner. My friend, on being asked if there were no more nails, told me he had some in his bedroom, and asked me to accompany him up-stairs, which I did; and just as we were about to leave his room, he said: "I may as well lock the door, in case the wind should force the window in your room; both chambers being at the eastern end of the corridor, and opposite each other. 'Strange!' said he; 'I cannot lock it. What can be the reason?' It always looks so easily. You try.' 'It's of no use,' I said, after making several attempts; 'and I think we had better not stop here any longer.' 'Let me have one more try,' said he. 'No,' I exclaimed; 'I shall not remain any longer.' He begged me not to go. I do not know why, but I stubbornly refused, and moved along the corridor towards the staircase. Reluctantly, he followed; and he afterwards told me that he saw the whole of that portion of the house fail as he reached the end of the passage. The wind now, however, drowned all other sounds. Just at that instant we met his sisters, and all the servants with their children, in all about twenty; and the two ladies at once suggested that we should take refuge in the Blue Room, as being, in their opinion, the strongest, though the oldest part of the building. We went to the Blue Room, and I was then asked to read from the Prayer-book; and bawling out at the top of my voice portions of service appointed to be read during a storm at sea, was suddenly brought to a stop by a crash overhead; and in a moment—the room not being celled down came a torrent of choice wines, beer, and spirits on our heads. The roof over the store-room had gone, and part of the wall had fallen in upon the treasures beneath. But what now? All is suddenly hushed! Yes; the storm is over; we are delivered! Praises and thanksgivings were uttered by all. The wind had hitherto come from the north-east, and the window of our little room faced south-west. 'Sometimes,' my host remarked, 'the hurricane, after a pause, returns with redoubled fury from the opposite point. Let us take precautions.'

We fastened the shutters; and with the help of one of the blacks, I placed two large chests, filled with bed and table linen, one on the top of the other, against the door that opened on the steps from the outside. Twenty minutes had elapsed, when—hark! what is that? A sound that could only be compared to the howlings of all the Lost Souls burst upon our affrighted ears, and in an instant the window of our ark burst into the room; the door, which was opposite, was blown outwards, most providentially, for thus a free current was afforded to the blasts. The floor of the store-room above us was tilted up at the farthest extremity, as we discovered by the lightning. Mortar and rubbish were driven into our faces, and our eyes were blinded. A wild shriek of despair from the women, and a frantic rush for the door ensued. I shouted as loud as I could 'Come back!' and having lost their shawls and handkerchiefs off their heads, and not being able to see an inch before them, they unwillingly returned; and well for them they did, for as we discovered when day dawned, the inside staircase was gone.

All that I have narrated, thus far, occupied about half an hour; but for two hours and half we stood in darkness, drenched with rain, and chilled to numbness by the wind, praying for help, but expecting death as inevitable from one moment to another. I placed some as near the window as possible, resolved that when I found the room going, I would make one effort for dear life by jumping from the window. After a while, I became so far calm that I could look Death in the face without fear, and had my attention sufficiently drawn off from myself as to be conscious of what some of those in the room near me were saying. One poor creature repeated the Lord's Prayer over and over again; another recited the Creed; whilst a third most vociferously and earnestly reiterated passages from the Litany. At six o'clock the hurricane ceased, and the sun rose, and we hastened to escape from our perilous position, though, as we descended the steps on the side, we had to slide down on our banches, it being even then impossible for us to stand against the force of the blast.

As we reached the little harness-room, which was underneath the Blue Room, a perfect cataract of rain fell for about half an hour, and then all was hushed, and we began to peer about but could not realize what we beheld—could not believe that the

noble mansion of the day before was a heap of ruins—could not understand how it was that there were no trees to be seen; and when I ventured into the garden, and orchard, and neighboring fields, I found the ground strewn with fragments of spans, rafters, and beams, and studded with wooden shingles, many of them having been hurled high into the air, and dashed to the ground with such violence as to be embedded in it so firmly that I found it impossible to move them.

Poor Snow made her appearance about half an hour after we escaped. She was not hurt, but very much scared and bewildered. So thorough was the smash, that the bedstead I had slept on was never identified by me as a splinter.

During the following day, we heard the reports from the different districts. Many rushed from their beds as the houses were falling. Two sisters, hand in hand, were struck down as they fled; in the morning, one found that the other was dead. Delicate women were picked up with their clothes literally torn from them by the violence of the wind. In Bridgetown, the scenes presented by the colored population, who are extremely demonstrative under excitement, were heart-rending, as they sought loved ones who were missing or buried under the ruins, for in those three hours one thousand seven hundred human beings perished. Hundreds of dwelling-houses were blown down. Not one escaped without damage. Out of thirteen stone churches, eleven were totally levelled with the ground. I saw some with walls four feet thick lying in unbroken masses, cut down about four feet from the foundations. The vessels in the harbor were driven high and dry on shore. A piece of solid mahogany of about four cubic feet was carried from the quay over the roofs of houses, and lodged in the middle of the main street. The sheets of linen that I placed against the door, were carried the entire length of the passage, about twelve feet, and one was jammed half-way up the staircase leading to the store-room; the other was deposited in the middle of the store-room floor.

In one spot you would perceive what had been an extensive tenement all in ruins, and beside it, within a few yards, still erect and without injury, some insignificant outbuildings; proving that in these tempests the wind does not blow straight from one point, but comes in a rapid succession of whirlwind, or tornados, as they are termed. I had further confirmation of this, in observing that trees which were not utterly destroyed, had their limbs twisted cork-screw fashion, such as the tamarind and mahogany trees. The coconut trees that flourish in these regions, and grow to the height of forty and fifty feet, were demolished by thousands; and the mountain cabbage, a still more majestic palm, reaching an altitude of ninety and a hundred feet, with a girth tapering from the root of three or four yards, was snapped, in many instances, a dozen feet from the ground, as though it had been a twig; whilst many a stately mango tree was prostrated, to say nothing of the other smaller arboreta, such as the cashees, the bread-fruit, the plantans, and bananas.

One gentleman whom I knew, quitted his dwelling with his wife and four children, hand clasped in hand; but no sooner had they got outside the door, than they were all separated, and blown in different directions. At daybreak he began his search, and having first found his wife, they eventually came upon all the children, one after the other, all very cold and wet, but not otherwise injured. It is right to record that parliament voted one hundred thousand pounds for the relief of the sufferers. Had the storm continued with the same violence for three days, instead of three hours, there would not have been a soul left alive to tell "how the wind blows in Barbados."

THE SEED AND THE SOWERS.

Ever so little the seed may be,
Ever so little the hand,
But when it is sown it must grow you see,
And develop its nature, weed, flower or tree;

At its command.

If the seed be good, we rejoice in hope

Of the harvest it will yield;

We wait and watch for its springing up,

Admire its growth, and count on the crop

That will come from the little seeds we drop

in the great wide field.

But if we heedlessly scatter wide

Seeds we may happen to find,

We care not for culture or what may betide,

We sow here and there on the highway side;

Whether they've lived or whether they've died

We never mind.

Yet every sower must one day reap

Fruit from the seed he has sown.

How carefully then it becomes us to keep

A watchful eye on the seed, and seek

To sow what is good, that we may not weep

To receive our own!

SOCIAL HONOR.

Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways this most fitting adjunct of the true lady or gentleman is often tried. For instance, one is a guest of a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is a sorrow in the house unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son, whose conduct is a shame and a blot on his parents; sometimes a relative whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home. Or, worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and there may be often bitter words spoken, and harsh recriminations. In any of these cases the guest is in honor bound to be blind and deaf, so far as people without are concerned. If a gentle word within him can do any good, it may well be said; but to go forth and reveal the shadow of an unhappy secret to any one, even your nearest friend, is an act of indiscreet and meanness almost unparalleled. Once in the sacred precincts of any home, admitted to its privacy, sharing its life, all that you see and hear is a sacred trust. It is as really contemptible to gossip of such things as it would be to steal the silver or borrow the books and forget to return them.

Fitz Hugh Ludlow, in his narrative of travels in "The Heart of the Continent," tells of an eccentric genius who improved on the old yarn to the effect that "the weather would have been colder if the thermometer had been longer," by saying that he had been where it was "so cold the thermometer got down off the nail!"

THE RETURN OF THE FLOWERS.

Ye flowers of the woodland so wild,
That grow without culture or plan,
Ye're fair to the eyes of the child,
Like smiles on Earth's beautiful face,
Or gems on the garment of Spring,
A pleasure, a charm, and a grace,
Oh! sweet are the joys that ye bring.

If Nature, less kind to the year,
Would only, when centuries rolled,
Permit your fresh buds to appear
Armed in your azure or gold,
Whole nations, with grateful surprise,
Would swarm to the fields and the bowers,
And, gazing with reverent eyes,
Would sing "the return of the flowers."

Yet, blooms of the woodland so fair,
Our hearts shall not prize you less,
Because you are free at the air
To all whom your presence can bless.

The night and the morning shall vie
In scattering their glories around,

The Night with the stars in her sky,

The Day with her flowers on the ground.

A Sangerfest Picnic.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ZIG.

DEAR POST:—One day last week a pious old gentleman with a plaster across his nose came to our house. He was an agent, a nursery-agent. He discoursed fruit trees and moral philosophy. He invited himself to dinner in our humble mansion. He told us what was going on in the world. We outside barbarians were talking among ourselves about going to the *Sangerfest* at Cincinnati. The pious-looking old agent with a plaster across the tip of his venerable nose overheard us. He kindly explained to us what the *Sangerfest* meant. Said he:

"I'll tell you what it is! It's a *Sing*! It's nothing but a *Sing*! The Germans all over the country meet together once a year and have a *BIG SING*! That's what it is. And they call it *Sang Freid*!"

That was too much. Lettie tittered faintly. George winked. Mary went out into the kitchen to cut some bread, and your correspondent choked. Meanwhile the solemn old agent helped himself to the apple-sauce with his own honest knife, and ate on and talked on, in sublime unconsciousness that he had put his foot in it.

And now you all know about it. It was a big sing. A hall large enough to accommodate ten thousand people was built for the occasion. It was crowded to its utmost capacity every evening of the festival, while ten thousand people more waited outside. The Mayor of Cincinnati gave orders to the police not to arrest anybody merely for being intoxicated while the *fest* lasted. Our German friends came to Cincinnati in crowds and crowds, and enjoyed themselves. Our American friends enjoyed themselves too. Old Cincinnati was festooned and decorated from top to toe, more beautifully than she had ever been since her existence began, with flags, flowers, evergreens and mottoes, and everything else pretty and attractive. And what is better than all, complete, inexhaustible good-nature reigned supreme.

They closed this Great National American German *Sangerfest* with a huge picnic, twelve miles below Cincinnati, on the Ohio shore, in a delightful wood, known as "Short's Grove."

And that Picnic is what I am talking about. I never saw such a crowd in my life. I never saw so much beer before. I never saw so many good-natured, happy people, all at one time. I never saw so much plain, sensible, comfortable clothing at a picnic. I never saw so little snobbishness, so little attempt at silly display. And finally, almost the only persons whom I saw intoxicated were two or three Americans, my own graceful, gallant, gifted, grandiose fellow-countrymen, who staggered about, talking with supreme contempt about "the—(an emphatic adjective) Dutch." Which made me feel

THE ALARM-BELL OF ATRI.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

At Atri, in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of these little places that have run
Half up the hill beneath a blushing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no further upward, come what
may."

The Ex Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many maccabees since have borne the
name,

Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all
his train,

And with the blast of trumpets loud and
long,

Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the
king,

Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How happily the days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here
be said.

Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hampon rope at length was worn away.
Unravelled at the end, and strung by
strand,

Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of bryony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in
belt,

Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the
woods,

Who loved his falcons with their crimson
hoods,

Who loved his hounds and horses, and all
sports

And prodigalities of camps and courts;
Loved, or had loved them; for at last,
grown old,

His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and
hounds,

Rented his vineyards and his garden-
grounds.

Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,

And, day by day, sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or
need

To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?

Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."

So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadowless street;

And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by briar and
thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the Summer-time,
With bolted doors, and window-shutters
closed,

The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
All suddenly upon their senses fell

The loud alarm of the accusing bell!

The Syndic started from his sweet repose,
Turned on his couch and listened, and then
rose

And donned his robes, and with reluctant
pace,

Went panting forth into the market-place,

Where the great bell upon its cross-beam
hung,

Reiterating with persistent tongue,

In half-articulate jargon, the old song:

"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a
wrong!"

But as he reached the belfry's light arcade,
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its
shades,

No shape of human form, of woman born,

But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,

Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of bryony.

"Domenedio!" cried the Syndic straight,

"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of
state!"

He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy
crowd

Had rolled together, like a summer cloud,

And told the story of the wretched beast

In five-and-twenty different ways at least,

With much gestication and appeal

To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.

The Knight was called and questioned: in
reply

Did not confess the fact, did not deny;

Treated the matter as a pleasant jest;

And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,

Maintaining, in an angry undertone, that

He should do what pleased him with
his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read

The proclamation of the King; then said:

"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand
and gay;

But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;

Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds,

Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!

These are familiar proverbs; but I fear

They never yet have reached your knightly
ear.

What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor
brute?

He who serves well and speaks not merits
more

Than they who clamor loudest at the door.

Therefore the law decrees, that as this steed

Served you in youth, henceforth you shall
take heed

To comfort his old age, and to provide

Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people
all,

Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.

The King heard and approved, and laughed

in glee,

And cried aloud: "Eight well it pleaseth
me!"

Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;

But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:

It cometh into court and pleads the cause

Of creatures dumb and unknown to the
laws;

And this shall make, in every Christian
clime,

The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Two Letters.

BY W. A. THOMPSON.

We are Dalrymples, and I am Margaret—
called "Fay" by seven younger brothers when
they are alone; and "Daisy" when they are
affectionate; and I am not sure that the
last estate with them is not worse than the
first.

My story (what there is of it) begins on a
sooty black Monday, when everybody was
cross from having more than his or her
share of work. The baby had elected me
for her bondwoman in lieu of her usual
nurse, who was drafted for the chamber-

work. It was such a breathless July day, and
there were so many of us about the house,
that the air seemed to be drained of all its
freshness before it reached me. I was op-
pressed all day with a curious weight on my
senses, as if something dreadful were going
to happen. The baby's fat arms and hands
appeared to multiply to a Briarean extent, all
pulling at my hair and eyelashes at once. I
had to pinch myself to destroy the illusion.

"She never had a day's sickness before,"
mother was saying; "and perhaps she has
only worked too hard."

"Was there any mental shock which may
have combined with the heat and overwork
just now?" asked the doctor.

"I am not sure; she did receive a letter
just before she fainted which contained
rather startling news."

"Will you give me some water?" I called
to her, in dismay lest the new doctor should
gain the key to my trouble and use it like a
scalpel.

It is a great drawback to my mother's
faith that it does not admit of auricular
confession. She is so determined to let all
our little skeletons out of their closets that
such a thing as a secret is unknown in the
family.

Dr. Hayes put on no professional air, nor
did he "talk shop" after the manner of
most doctors: he felt my pulse, to be sure,
and gave me one or two searching looks.

"Are you in great haste to be well?" he
asked after a while.

"That is of course, is it not?"

"Not always. You ought to make your-
self as blank as possible for a month. Put
a fly-leaf into your life."

"It may sound conceited, but I could not
possibly be spared for half that time. Have
you seen the census of our family?"

"No."

"We are seven," and two more. I am
the eldest; and then there is an unmitigated
row of boys, till you get to the baby, who is
two years in age and a patriarch in mischief.

I give you three days to make me well.
Mother may manage to keep her head above
water till then."

"Then you must promise to think as little
as possible of agitating things."

"I will try," I said, meekly, feeling my-
self blush furiously, and wishing somebody
would leap Othello to me so far as to hold
a pillow tight over my face. When he was
gone I remonstrated feebly with the author-
or of my being:

"Why will you make a father-confessor
of everybody?"

"My dear, it was only the doctor. I
thought he ought to know all about it."

"A doctor is none the less a man and a
brother, and troubled with like infirmities
to the rest of the world. It will be all over
when I have been disappointed, and
have turned my face to the wall."

"Then I hope you will show them a very
cheerful face when you are well again,
though it may be an effort at first."

Her sympathy was almost too much for
me, but I fought myself valiantly.

"I won't have you settle down to the idea
that I have given all for love. The buttons
and patches have always had the first place
in my mind, and bid fair to keep it till the
last boy is grown up. That letter was only
a signal when I was just ready to go off. If
I had been perfectly well, a dozen letters
saying that Charlie had turned Mormon and
married as many wives, would not have top-
pled me over like that."

"You're a true Dalrymple," sighed my
mother.

I was filled with profoundest pity for all
the Dalrymples as if I were a true one. What
hypocrites they must have been! "I don't
see my way clear to be a 'Mariana' in the
Moated Grange," if I had ever so much in-
clination. With seven brothers to supply
with court-plaster and cravats, I might be
as weary and weary, and "would that I
were dead," but I could not give my whole
time to it, and I should go to my grave un-
satisfied.

"Don't talk nonsense, Margaret: it is a
very serious time with you."

"I will be as funeral as you like on any
subject except this. It is only in your own
mind that the time is out of joint."

"And you have never really cared for
Charlie?"

"To tell you the truth, I have never had
time to think about it. I should have been
more than woman if I had not rather liked
to have him dangling after me, but now I
mean to ensnare Dr. Hayes, that we may
all be sick luxuriously, and have no bills to
pay."

The trouble was all gone out of my
mother's face when she said good-night at
last.

I hoped wearily that everybody would not
be so hard to convince, for another such
victory would ruin me.

When Dr. Hayes came next day I was
propped up with pillows, making very high-
colored cravats, while three budding dandies
sat on the bed and hailed my success.

"This will never do," he said, turning out
the boys, cravats and all, with a master-
stroke of generalship. (I admired him, not
without awe, from that moment.) "Is he
without awe, from that moment?"

"I hope you don't call cravats 'agitating
things.' To bunch up ribbon in a sensa-
tional manner is my one talent: when every-
thing else fails, I shall throw myself upon
the world and make a fortune at it. I will
make a 'tie' for you if you will cure me very
soon."

"Don't make any more, then, till I ask you
for mine."

"But you might forget ever to ask for it,
and then think of the sevenfold anguish of
the boys."

"Never fear: it is a weakness of mine
never to forget anything."

When he went away he made a speech to
the boys, which made them his friends for
life, and freed me from their rough atten-
tions for my whole month of illness, for it
really did stretch to that length. The doctor
came every day, and in the first week he
fell into the habit of bringing me something
to look at till his next visit. The first was
a bunch of blue-and-white violets, that he
had found growing on a bank in a lonely
ride.

He seldom overstayed ten minutes, but
those minutes were so full of enjoyment and
kindness that they made the whole day

fragrant. I would not have believed it pos-
sible that I could lie day after day in bed,
or in an easy-chair, for four mortal weeks,
without being either very happy or unhappy, but rather be-
tween. I had a glimpse of the reason one
day, when the doctor said that he was

coming only once more. I started a little,
being weak, you know; and as he had been
counting my pulse and had forgotten to put
down my hand, he knew that his words had
moved me. His eyes looked straight into
mine with a question in them, which brought
a swift blush into my face for his real an-
swer, but I gave him another without delay:

"I am much too bad to be of service to you
terribly for a day or two, when I come
to that quarter hour in the twenty-four
which you have filled so kindly of late; but
I shall soon be swallowed up in the family
machinations."

"And forget me entirely, you would say?"

"I fear so, indeed."

The brightness in his eyes was not at all
dimmed by my rough speech.

"I shall see you once more, to-morrow,"

he said, with the true professional bow, and
departed.

"And you shall see me at my prettiest,"

"Know what—that you will like me passing well until you are caught by some other lover of man? You have Ferdinand's faculty of loving several women for several virtues."

Charlie was so vexed at this threat that he departed without any leave-taking; he came back in the evening to be forgiven, but could not break through my bulwark of boys.

There was a picnic next day—an annual

bore which had been submitted to with

Christian patience for many years in our vil-

lage, because no one was strong-minded

enough to put it down. I made ready my

white pique suit and a gorgeous Roman neck

(which my father had brought home from

his last voyage "up the Bosphorus"), think-

ing only of Dr. Hayes and Charlie, and over-

looking the fact that I could never go any-

where without two young Dalrymples at

least in my train. We had to ride a mile or

two in a great open wagon with an awning over it. Charlie intrigued for a seat beside

me, and obtained it. Dr. Hayes was oppo-

site, and had no more words for me than for

other people; but when the sun shone into

my eyes, I was scarcely conscious of the an-

noyance before he had let down a loop of the

awning. He was always planning for

my comfort when no one need be the wiser

for it. It was like being upheld by wings

invisible to all eyes but my own. After the

busie and chatter of the first start was over,

everybody listened to what Jennie Hood

was saying to her neighbor (her name was,

"Always to say something, if it wasn't so

bright");

"You will always see, if you take notice,

that people like best those who look least

like themselves. Tall men, if they follow

the natural heart, pick out little wires to

hang on their arms like work-bags. I am

five feet one, and no one under six feet need

apply."

We all laughed, and began to compare

notes on the subject.

"There's Charlie Remington," Jennie

said, "with his light Saxon complexion;

he will fall in love with a bracelet of the

deepest dye."

"No so," said Charlie. "I will have a

brown-haired woman or none."

"Did she have brown hair?" I whispered.

"The woman that I liked best has pounds

and pounds of it," returned Charlie in the

same tone, winding on his finger the long

curl that hung over my shoulder.

"As for Dr. Hayes," said Jennie, "he is

neither light nor dark, his fortune is hard

to tell. Blondes and brunettes may both

have hopes of him."

"Of good discourse, an excellent musi-

cian, and her hair shall be of what color it

pleases God," quoted the doctor, with a

flash at Charlie and a smile for me.

"What queer things Dr. Hayes says!" said

Jennie Hood when we had left the wagon.

"He looked at you, but he could not have

meant you, because you don't know one tune

from another."

"Of course not," I said, innocently.

We were going to "the Island," a long

strip of piney land in the river, cut off from

the mainland by a ranting, tearing brook,

not quite deep enough to drown one, but

sufficiently so to make a tumble on the

slippery log which made the only bridge

anything but comfortable.

It was Charlie who gave me his hand over

the abyss, but Dr. Hayes gave his mind to

the safety of my brother Frank and the

baby—an act for which King Arthur would

have made him knight of the Round Table.

The baby had added more than a year to her

age since I first introduced her, but not a

grain to her discretion. We first drew lots

as to the lady who should make the tea and

coffee and the gentleman who was to feed the

fire. There may have been bribery in the

matter, but the lot actually fell to Charlie

and myself, because he was asleep on my

shoulder. By the way, who's that Dr. Hayes who takes so much on himself?"

How gladly I would have said that he

was some time to be my "man of men,"

but there was no engagement, and it was

impossible to explain the real state of affairs.

The baby came to my rescue. Children

rush in where angels fear to tread."

"Dr. Hayes is a nice man. I love him:

don't you, Maggie?"

"Yes, I do," I said, boldly, and then re-

traced behind the high crown of her sun-

bonnet.

Charlie turned square round, and if our

old horse had been Pegasus, then would

have been the time to song away.

"Is that true, Maggie?"

"Yes, Charlie—true as gospel; and I

showed him one corner of a very red face.

"That will do," said Charlie in a choked

kind of voice, and he rattled us home over

the stones in a way to put a violent end to

the Dalrymples in the female line. I looked

for Dr. Hayes when the pionickers came home, and was not disappointed. You would

not have supposed there was a boy within a

mile of the house, so deftly had they all

been cornered in mother's room, and kept

there by enormous bribes. You won't care

to hear what the doctor said when he found

me all alone in the parlor, and drew my

sewing out of my hands because he liked to

see my eyes while he talked. His good news

was just this: a tough old uncle had died

and remembered his sister in his will, which

released her son from any farther anxiety on

her account.

"Did you have company last night?"

asked Frank next morning.

"Yes, Dr. Hayes."

"Oh! I guess Charlie will be in your

hair. I found two chairs right close to-

gether in the parlor. They looked very

soothing."

Six boys laid down knife and fork to laugh

at this tally.

"Boys," said mother with dignity, "I

want you to like Dr. Hayes, and always treat

him with respect, because he will be your

brother by-and-by."

"I've got too many brothers to be re-

spective to 'em," said Frank; "and 'taint

any news: I've caught 'em looking at each

other in church this long time."

I flattered myself that our seven tyrants

would be quite low-spirited in view of my

leaving them, but they bore up wonderfully,

assisted by an unlimited supply of wedding-

cake. Julian's mother sent me a cream-

colored silk that would stand alone for my

wedding dress, and my father brought me

from over seas, a veil that was just "woven

air."

And yet I was a very crumpled-looking

bride, and this was the reason: when half a

dozen of my girl friends had added the last

touch to my c-tume before the ceremony,

they left me alone a moment to think the

last of my girl-thoughts while they went to

call Dr. Hayes. He came in alone, and I

took from my drawer a dainty little bow,

made from a bit of the wedding silk. On

the under side of the ends I had embroidered

a "mountain daisy."

You have never asked me for the "tie"

I promised you," I said, "Here it is, and

you must be married in it."

"But why have the daisies out of sight?"

"Because I only want you to know they

are there."

"You are my daisy, 'wee, modest, crim-

son-tipped flower,'" said the doctor,

and I was overjoyed.

"I'll tell you," put in Frank. "She

wasn't satisfied with the little ones: she

had to have the big ones."

"A Gordian knot, that can never be un-

tied," said Charlie under his breath, but all

the little pitchers in our family have long

lives.

"Oh! I know all about that," said Frank.

"I had it in my history lesson, but I forgot

what they did with it."

"Cut it, of course," said Dr. Hayes, quietly,

bringing in the baby, a sadder if not a

wiser child. The children began to harass

Charlie to go with them after berries, and

when he finally yielded to their much im

A GIRL'S FAITH.

No two leaves above us waving
Are quite alike in form and hue;
No two flowers in equal measure
Hold the blessing of the dew;
Nothing on earth is repeated,
All is special, all is new.

So of all the host of loves,
Now and in the days of yore,
Loving deeply, loving lightly,
Loving less, or loving more,
None have loved—I hold it certain—
Quite as you and I before.

Harris have beat, but not as ours did;
When this hope upon us broke;
All our former life mere dreams,
Till to consciousness we woke,
In a world anew created
By a little word each spoke.

Not as ours! for that was needed
What belongs to us alone;
Just the years we two have counted,
Just the sorrows we have known,
Just your strength and just my weakness,
Love! our love is all our own!

A Pretty Specimen of Abuse.

The following precious specimen of abuse, is O'Connell's reply to Disraeli. We doubt whether any of our Congressional rowdies could exceed it. But this was not delivered in Parliament, but at Taunton, about thirty years ago:—

"This microscopist had the audacity to style me an incendiary. Why, I was a greater incendiary in 1851 than I am at present, if ever I were one—and if I am, he is doubly so for having emasculated me. Then he calls me a traitor. My answer to that is, he is a liar. He is a liar in actions and in words. His life is a living lie. He is a disgrace to his species. What state of society must be that can tolerate such a creature—having the audacity to come forward with one set of principles at one time, and obtain political assistance by reason of those principles, and at another to profess diametrically the reverse? His life, I say again, is a living lie. He is the most degraded of his species and kind; and England is degraded in tolerating, or having upon the face of her society, a microscopist of his abominable, foul, and atrocious nature. My language is harsh, and I owe an apology for it, but I will tell you why I owe an apology. It is for this reason, that if there be harsher words in the British language I should use them, because it is the harshest of all terms that would be descriptive of a wretch of this species. He is just the fellow for the Conservative Club. I suppose if Sir Robert Peel had been out of the way when he was called upon to take office, this fellow would have undertaken to supply his place. He has falsehood enough, depravity and selfishness enough to become the fitting leader of the Conservatives. He is a conservative personified. His name shows him by descent a Jew. His father became a convert. He is better for that in this world, I hope, of course, he will be the better for it in the next. There is a habit of underrating that great and oppressed nation—the Jews. They are cruelly persecuted by persons calling themselves Christians; but no person ever yet was a Christian who persecuted. The cruellest persecution they suffer is upon their character, by the foul names which their calumniators bestowed upon them before they carried their atrocities into effect. They feel the persecution of calumny severer upon them than the persecution of actual force and the tyranny of actual torture. I have the happiness to be acquainted with some Jewish families in London, and among them more accomplished ladies, or more humane, cordial, high-minded, or better educated gentlemen, I have never met. It will not be supposed, therefore, when I speak of Disraeli as the descendant of a Jew, that I mean to tarnish him on that account. They were once the chosen people of God. They were miscreants among them, also, and it must have certainly been from one of those that Disraeli descended. He possessed just the qualities of the impudent thief who died upon the cross, whose name, I verily believe, must have been Disraeli. For ought I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him; and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross."

[Note.—The recent "criticism" of "Lorraine" and its author in Blackwood, is more gentlemanly than the above, but about equally venomous.—*Ed. Post.*]

"An Irishman, just arrived in the country, was anxious to become acquainted with the eccentric orator of Roanoke. He undertook to introduce himself, and approached him with: "Have I the honor of addressing the famous American orator, Mr. Randolph?" "That is the honor I allow only to those with whom I am acquainted," replied Randolph, in his sarcastic tone. After some conversation, he asked the Irishman how long he had been in the country? He replied: "I have been but a short time in the country; but I have had the honor to be introduced to General W., Colonel B., Major C., and numerous other officers. Your Revolutionary War, Mr. Randolph, must have been very unfortunate; indeed, I must say, disastrous, for it seems to have cut off all the privates, and left nothing but officers behind."

"It is rather tantalizing to read that, while we are sweltering here on terra firma under ninety degrees in the shade, right off the coast the temperature is disagreeably cool. The ship *E. Yeo*, which arrived recently from Newport, Wales, reports "very cold" all the way from long 56, while the captain of the steamer *Paraguay*, from London, declares that, "as far as the difference in temperature, there was nothing to distinguish the voyage from a rough winter one."

"When the celebrated Dr. Hunter, one of the greatest benefactors of the human species, started on his metropolitan career, he met with every discouragement. His first lecture in London was attended only by the porter. The great man, by no means discouraged, said, "John, take that skeleton down, that I may with propriety say, 'gentlemen.'" He delivered his lecture. Such an example of determination and fortitude ought to encourage every young man who meets with difficulties on the threshold of his career.

"A contemporary, in view of the weather, asks that "The learned gentlemen who have been seeing spots on the face of the sun for some time past, and predicting that the force of his rays would be materially diminished thereby, will please step to the front and explain." The spots are probably a scarlet fever eruption.

Fashions in Utah.

FROM THE DESERET NEWS, JUNE 20.
The following resolutions were adopted by the First Young Ladies' Department of the Ladies' Co-operative Retirement Association, Salt Lake City, organized May 27, 1870:—

"Resolved, That realizing ourselves to be wives and daughters of apostles, prophets, and elders of Israel, and as such, that high responsibilities rest upon us, and that we shall be held accountable to God, not only for the privileges we inherit from our fathers, but also for the blessings we enjoy as Latter-day Saints, we desire to unite and co-operate with, and do mutually pledge ourselves that we will uphold and sustain each other in doing good.

"Resolved, That inasmuch as the saints have been commanded to gather out from Babylon and "not partake of her sins, that they receive not of her plagues," we feel that we should not condescend to imitate the pride, folly, and fashions of the world; and inasmuch as the church of Jesus Christ is likened unto a city set on a hill to be a beacon of light to all nations, it is our duty to set examples for others, instead of seeking to pattern after them.

"Resolved, That we will respect ancient and modern apostolic instructions. St. Paul exhorted Timothy to teach "the women to adorn themselves in modest apparel—not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but which becomes women possessing godliness, with good works." Peter, also, in his first epistle, is speaking of women, says: "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and wearing of gold, or of putting on apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price; for after this manner, in old time, the holy women also who trusted in God adorned themselves." In a revelation given to the Latter-day Saints in 1851, the Lord said, "Thou shalt not be proud in thy heart; let all thy garments be plain, and their beauty the beauty of the work of thine own hands." All of which we accept as true principle, and such as should be fully illustrated in our practice.

"Resolved, That, with a firm and settled determination to honor the foregoing requirements, and being deeply sensible of the sinful ambition and vanity in dress among the daughters of Zion, which are calculated to foster the pride of the world and shut out the spirit of God from the heart, we mutually agree to exert our influence, both by precept and by example, to suppress and to eventually eradicate these evils.

"Resolved, That, admitting variety has its charms, we know that real beauty appears to better advantage in a plain dress than when bedecked with finery, and while we disapprove extravagance and waste, we would not, like the Quakers, recommend a uniform, but would have each one to choose the style best adapted to her own taste and person; at the same time we shall avoid, and ignore as obsolete with us, all extremes which are opposed to good sense, or repulsive to modesty.

"Resolved, That, inasmuch as cleanliness is a characteristic of a saint, and an imperative duty, we shall discard the dragging skirts, and, for decency's sake, those distastefully short ones, extending no lower than the boot tops. We also regard "paniers" and whatsoever approximates in appearance towards the "Grecian Bend," a burlesque on the natural beauty and dignity of the human female form, and will not disgrace our persons by wearing them. And also, as fast as it shall be expedient, we shall adopt the wearing of home made articles, and exercise our united influence in rendering them fashionable.

Mrs. ELLA Y. Emory,
President.

Mrs. Emily Y. Dawson,
Mrs. Zina Y. Williams,
Mrs. Maria Y. McDougal,
Mrs. Caroline Y. Croxall,
Miss Dora Young,
Miss Phoebe Young,
Counsellors.

"Resolved, A touching scene is related by a gentleman as having occurred during the decoration ceremonies. A little girl entered the cemetery carrying wreaths of beautiful flowers, and hastened to the side where the Confederate dead lay, and proceeded to lay wreath on each grave. A friend of hers approached her, saying: "But, Susie, those are the rebels' graves." She replied, "Yes, I know it; but my pa was a soldier, and died in Libby prison, and is buried down South. I so much hope some little girl there will strew flowers on his grave. I thought I would bring those and put them on the rebels' graves. Maybe some of them have little girls at home, you know."—*Fayette (Ind.) Dispatch.*

"A lady was invited at ten o'clock Saturday night to join a party of friends who were going to Europe. On Monday morning at eight o'clock she awoke, and her baggage consisted of a small trunk containing a change of clothes, a black silk dress and a blanket shawl.

"The following receipt will be found to be a better way of getting rid of flies than all the shooting you could do in a lifetime: Mix together one part of black pepper, two of brown sugar, and four of cream; set it where the flies most do congregate.

"What is often called indolence," says Henry Cribb Robinson, "is in fact the unconscious consciousness of incapacity."

"A gentleman who has just returned from abroad says that "when he was in Scotland he thought that he could never leave it; when he was in London that he could never live anywhere else; and when he went to Paris he liked it so much that he thought he would stay there till he died."

"A saying of Sir Robert Walpole, very suggestive at the present time: "Parties are like snakes—their heads are always pushed forward by their tails."

"A Pennsylvania paper tells of a local preacher who has received for salary this year nothing but a currycomb, a keg of varnish and two dozen clothes-pins. Whenever his children cry with hunger, he gags them with a clothes-pin, scratches their stomachs with a currycomb, and lays on a coat of varnish.

"One of the Beecher girls used to say that she had three rules to guide her in copying her father's MSS.:—If a letter was dotted it was not an *i*; if a letter was crossed it wasn't *t*; and if a word began with a capital letter it didn't begin a sentence."

"EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—Brownson—"Well, I always make it a rule to tell my wife everything that happens."

Smithkins—"Oh, my dear fellow, that's nothing. I tell my wife lots of things that never happened at all."

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Answers.

A lady noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt:

"Now, that's benevolence."

"No it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignant, "it's salt."

So when a lady asked her servant girl if the hired man cleaned off the snow with salt, she replied:

"No, ma'am, he used a shovel."

The same literal turn of mind which we have been illustrating is sometimes used intentionally and perhaps a little maliciously, and thus becomes the property of wit instead of blunder. Thus we hear of a very polite and impressive gentleman who said to a youth in the street:

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea, yet honor," said the urchin.

There was another boy who was accosted by an eccentric middle-aged lady with:

"Boy, I want to go to Dover street."

"Well, ma'am," said the boy, "why don't you go then?"

One day, at Lake George, a party of gentlemen strolling among the beautiful islands on the lake, with bad luck, espied a little fellow with a red shirt and straw hat, dangling a line over the side of a boat.

"Halloo, boy," said one of them, "what are you doing?"

"Fishing," came the answer.

"Well, of course," said the gentleman, "but what do you catch?"

"Fish, you fool; what do you suppose?"

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class.

"I have," exclaimed one.

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"On the elephant," said the boy, laughing.

Sometimes this sort of wit degenerates or rises, as the case may be, into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying:

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" and her brother replied:

"I think they are going to thunder."

Also the following dialogue:

"Helloo, there! how do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"No longer than it is now."

And also when Patrick O'Flynn was seen with his collar and his bosom sadly begrimed, and was indignantly asked by his officer:

"Patrick O'Flynn! how long do you wear a shirt?"

"Twenty-eight inches, sir."

This reminds one of an instance which is said to have occurred recently in Chatham street, New York, where a countryman was clamorously besieged by a shopkeeper.

"Have you any fine shirts?" said the countryman.

"A splendid assortment. Step in, sir. Every price and every style. The cheapest in the market, sir."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir."

"Then," said the countryman, with great gravity, "you had better put on one, for you need it."

WITMAN'S AFRAID OF INDIANS.

A friend of ours, who took a trip to California, said that he was not afraid of Indians, because he belonged to the Benevolent Order of Red Men, and knew all the passwords and winks, and all the figurative language and things, and no savage was going to touch him, initiated and fixed up as he was in regalia. He hadn't gone more than a hundred miles from Omaha before a band of Indians came at him and snatched his pipe, and he was obliged to give up the grip twenty-six times on both hands, and made some observations about "fifth moons" and "happy hunting grounds." The chief replied in a friendly manner by tomahawking him and jabbing his butcher knife into his vitals. Our friend remarked that these ceremonies were not observed in his lodge; but the chief wanted to show him all the peculiarities of the Western system, so he scalped him and chopped off his nose, and was about to build a bonfire on his stomach, when some soldiers arrived and rescued him. He is now the bald-headed Red Man this side of the Pacific Ocean, and you never saw a person so disgusted with secret societies and Indian poetry. He is going to sue his lodge for passing a counterfeited grip on him, and for damage done by loss of his hair.

ANECDOTE OF JARVES.

When the bacchanalian propensities of Jarves, the painter, had rendered him rather an unseemly, if not an unsafe artist, he was employed by a gentleman to paint his wife—a miracle of plainness—under the stipulation that a pint of wine at a single sitting must be the extent of his potations. Jarves assented, and in a short time produced a perfect *fac simile* of the lady. On exhibiting it to the husband, he seemed disappointed. "Couldn't you have given it?" said he to the painter, "a little *less*—that is, couldn't you give it now a *little* more?" "If you expect me," said Jarves, seeing the husband's drift at once, "if you expect me to make a handsome portrait of your wife, I must have more than a pint of wine at a sitting. I couldn't get up imagination to make her even good-looking under a quart at the very least!"

IT'S SET FOR TWENTY MINUTES.

A good story is told of an English judge visiting a penal institution, and being practically disposed, the learned judge philanthropically trusted himself on the treadmill, desiring the warden to set it in motion. The machine was accordingly adjusted, and his lordship began to lift his feet. In a few minutes, however, the new hand had quite enough of it, and called to be released, but this was not so easy. "Please, my lord," said the man, "you can't get off. It's set for twenty minutes; that's the shortest time we can make it go." So the judge was in durance until his "term" expired.

THE SERVANTS.

Cook—"Yes, Susan, I'm a writin' to Mary Missigga. She's ev' applied to me for the character of my last missus, which she thinks' of takin' the *slituation*—"

Susan—"Will you give her one?"



MORRIBLE REVELATIONS.

(Peterfamilias has Purchased the Lease of a Picturesque Old Red-Brick House, which is undergoing Repair.)

WORKMAN.—"Think you need one of 'em a croiling along the winder? Ah! jest you wait till you've been and sleep 'ere for a hour or two! Why, wood-paneelling, oak is particular, is more liable nor anything for sich as them to harbor, and they accumulate tremens, and you never gets rid of 'em, try what you will! If you was to take down this 'ere panel, tho' their ha'nt so much as room for the hedge of a carvin'-knife be'ween the wood and the bricks be'ind, you'd find 'em clustered as thick as grapes! Ah! and if you was jest to blow a puff o' your cigar on 'em, they stand up straight on their 'ead legs, and look at you jest like a regiment o' sengers! Chorus. 'O! Papa!'

THE ANTHEM OF LIFE.

Ten o'clock, and the echoes
Die out in the silent hall,
And I shade my eyes from the firelight
That shadows the parlor wall.

A gleam in the dancing light,
Still precious beyond all telling,
Lie the letters I burn to-night.

The parting is hard, my treasures,
It will darken my life, I know;

The dream I have dreamed was a folly,
It is better to let you go.

And I brush from my throbbing temples
The heavy, clinging hair,

And smother my anguish, trying
To believe I do not care.

I gather them all together,
Not heeding, though tear-drops roll,
Though the chime of gladsoome memory
Is ringing through my soul.

I gather them all together,
My idols, which proved but clay—

Red flames tenderly fold them,
They are burning my heart away.

They drop from my quivering fingers
Into the flame's dull roar,
And I know that my dream is ended
Forever and evermore.

The dreaded task is over,
Ustred the last good-by,
And the smoke of my burning incense
Flows up to the blind, black sky.

The Expected Musonian Lion.

Washington society is already excited over the announcement of the intended visit of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, although he will not come until next year. The Grand Duke is described as being a most remarkable handsome man. He is 22 years old.

The compliment of his intended visit to the United States is to be appreciated when it is known that it will be the first time the son of a Russian Emperor has visited the republic. He will attend the session of Congress in full uniform, and be presented by the Russian Minister, also in uniform, for the Grand Duke is to come as the immediate representative of his royal father the Emperor. Mr. A. T. Stewart has offered his new house in Fifth Avenue to be used by the Grand Duke during his stay in New York. Apropos of his visit, the following well-authenticated anecdote is given. The young man belongs to the Russian navy, and a year ago, when acting as midshipman, the vessel to which he was assigned was wrecked off the coast of Denmark. This vessel, by-the-way, was the Alexandre Nzwaki, a frigate built in New York. When it became certain that the ship could not be saved, the Admiral ordered the men to the life-boats, and, wishing to ensure the safety of the royal midshipman, ordered him to take command of the first boat. The Grand Duke was on duty at the time on deck, and understanding the Admirals' reasons for giving the order, refused point blank to do it. "My duty," he said, "is here, and I must be the last to leave the ship." "Do you know, sir," demanded the Admiral, "that you are under my command, and dare you refuse to obey my orders?" "I will obey," the young man answered firmly, "any orders you may choose to give me, except the one to leave the ship, where it is my duty now to remain." As it was impossible to enforce obedience under such circumstances, the Admiral was obliged to yield the point, and the Emperor's son was the last to leave the ship. As soon as a landing was effected, and preparations were made to encamp on shore, the Admiral ordered the brave young midship to be placed under arrest for disobedience of orders. Having done so, he despatched to the Emperor an account of the whole affair. To this the Emperor at once replied: "I approve your having put the midshipman Alexis under arrest for disobedience, and I bless my boy for having disobeyed."

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memory, advise his class in the medical school not to expect to preserve their powers of mind or body by departing from the customary diet of their fathers. Long generations fed upon stimulating food, nourished upon tea and coffee, and strong meats and condiments, had produced a condition of the human system in civilized and prosperous life, which could not be supplied by the coarser articles of diet, and had led man away from his savage state, from aboriginal rudeness and simplicity. Now, with the animal the case is different. He and his past generations have been accustomed to the simplest life and the simplest food, and in this mode of living he finds his longest and strongest life. Do not, therefore, endeavor to lead the animal too far away from his natural habits, unless you expect to shorten his life and diminish the value of his services. Remember that the horse, whose courage, and gallantry, and strength you admire, has come from the sweet pastures on the northern hills, and from the great haystacks there; and do not for a moment suppose that you can transfer him from his natural life there, to hard work and an excessive amount of stimulating food, without destroying his natural forces, and enervating his powers. I have great regard for horses, and when I return home from the lecturing labors of the week, I take great pleasure in contemplating the honest faces of those animals which serve me well, and whom I endeavor to treat with kindness and consideration. An interview with them is refreshing. I am especially careful of their food, and by confining them to an abundance of good hay (not too much) with roots and a little grain for their exhibition, I find them ready to welcome me with a bright and lively countenance, and with elastic and vigorous step on the road. I find they can be kept in better condition in this way, their lives more prolonged, their enjoyment more enhanced, than by an excessive amount of stimulating, artificial food. I direct them in the ways of health and animal happiness—and they serve me with resolution and will.

This same rule will apply to cattle. I see here some young men who are devoting themselves to the business of agriculture, and who take a pride in their cattle husbandry, and I warn them against all attempts to bring the animals to unnatural and premature perfection by excessive amounts of stimulating food. The value of the animal is lessened, his vitality diminished, his service weakened, and what was intended for kindness becomes to him a cruel destruction in the end.—Dr. Loring in Massachusetts Ploughman.

ABOUT PRUNING.

It is the fate of all good ideas to be pushed to extremes. Ever since the day when the ass broke into that Grecian vineyard and taught by his browsing, that some good followed summer pruning, thousands of leaves have been stripped off and millions of vines injured by a too free use of the pruning knife. We have labored as sincerely as any to show how much is lost in this way; and have pointed out that pruning as generally practiced, tends to weaken vitality and pave the way for future diseases.

But we observe that some of our pupils are going to another extreme. Prune not at all, getting to be a popular but too common cry; a little pruning, unlike a little learning, is not at all a dangerous thing. Darwin has shown that there is among individual plants a struggle for life always going on. The stronger crowds out the weaker one; but so long as it lives, the weaker one has some effect on the stronger one.

The same law is as true of branches as of distinct plants; each struggles for light. The vigorous shoot shades the weaker; but that in turn sometimes interferes with the strong one, and prevents it from utilizing the light to the best advantage.

Thus it will be seen, that to have the best results, we must regulate this struggle in nature. A dozen branches well developed and having the ability to display all their leafy charms to the admiring sunlight, will be worth much more to the plant than double the number closely interfering with one another.

A good gardener must have foresight. He should be able to see in imagination a tree a year ahead of its growth, and prune in advance of the necessity of the tree. This will prevent much of the temporary injury which undoubtedly flows from severe pruning all at once; and which if annually continued is a great evil.—Gardener's Monthly.

TO DESTROY THE CurrANT SLING.

A number of remedies are recommended for destroying the currant-sling, which of late years has become a sore pest, defoliating the bushes and causing the fruit to wither, or at least not to mature fully. Without speaking positively on the subject—not having had leisure to compare them critically—we believe the sling or little brown worms that eat up the leaves of the currant bushes, is identical with that making the same assault upon the rose bushes and the grape leaves.

A certain remedy is said to be "green cedar bushes, cut in small pieces and scattered under the currant bushes;" and it is added, "there is something offensive about cedar to all bugs and worms, and they do not approach it." This may be true. But we have some positive means at hand to gainsay it, and of course have no faith in it. We have had so many remedies of this kind for vermin of every description which have never proved their claims, that we have become a little "jubis." We know that the cryptomeria and the arbor vitæ are preferred by certain insects to attach to them their propagating houses, having with our own hands removed at least fifty from a single small tree; and have frequently seen the same nests on the American cedar in our own premises.

The best remedy in our judgment, for this pest, is the application of a solution of whale-oil soap, (as we have often before suggested,) in the proportion of one pound to five gallons of water, sprinkled over the leaves from a watering-pot with fine rose. It is certain death to all it touches.—Gardener's Telegraph.

ON LABOR.—The season impresses every farmer with the importance and the necessity, almost, of the labor and strength of the ox. A single horse, or even a good span can hardly take the plough along with so deep a furrow as a heavy pair of oxen; and for some kinds of crops, the cultivation must be deep and thorough to be effective. We would not give much for the prospect of a big root crop with a shallow and imperfect ploughing to begin with. The full strength of a good team is required to ensure the highest results.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE RIDDLER.

Additional Riddles.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 2, 12, 16, 20, 20, was an ancient king.
My 6, 14, 20, 20, 10, was an ancient plant.
My 8, 22, 15, 1, 4, was an ancient seaport.
My 13, 26, 15, 5, was an ancient gem.
My 15, 21, 6, 15, 5, was an ancient town.
My 17, 9, 11, 22, 16, was an ancient woman.
My 24, 12, 7, 13, 9, was an ancient bird.
My 27, 16, 26, 21, 10, was an ancient plague.
My whole is part of a verse in the Bible.

ISOLADA.

CHARADE.

See the stoled priests slow past the altar
move,
While wreaths of incense dim the air above.
Hear the rich organ, tuned to notes of love,
In gushing chorus burst!

It is my first,

Surely my second is not space too wide
For last sad resting-place to set aside;
When breath runs out with life's receding
tide.

Like beacons on the sand,
Let the tombs stand.

Oh that my whole should ever had a place
Where old Religion showed its reverent
face!<